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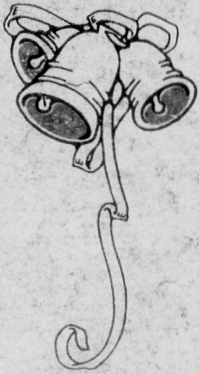
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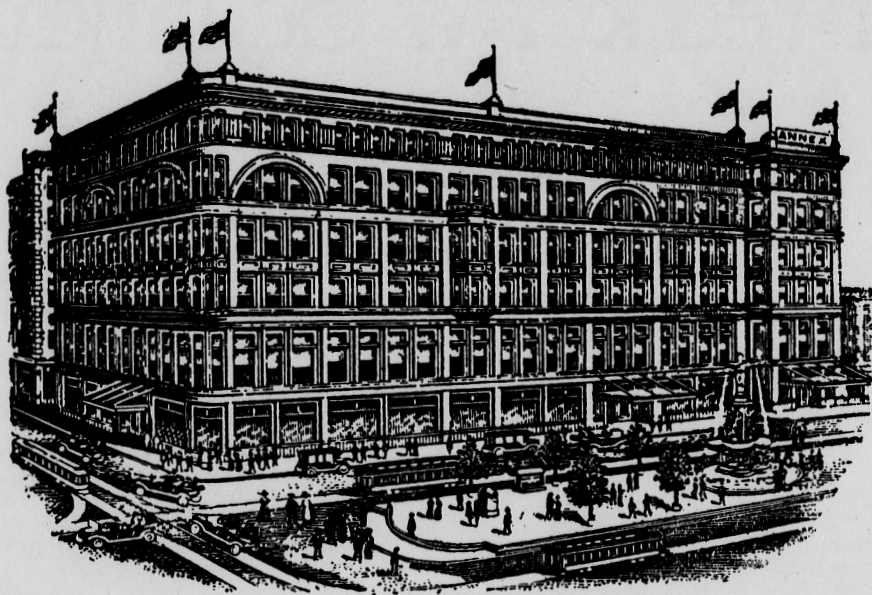
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“ Venite Adoremus ”

THE XAVIER ATHENAEUM

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Christmas Hymn MDCCCXVI.



STAR, O Star of Bethlehem,
That shinest heavenly bright,
Leading the wise men to the King,
Direct our steps tonight.
Fierce tempests sweep with lusty might;
Shine on our way tonight.

O Mother pure of Bethlehem,
Whose loving hands caressed
The Holy Infant, Christ the King,
Hear us, O Mother blessed!
Pray for the warring nations—rest;
Hear us, O Mother blessed!

O Holy Child of Bethlehem,
Though angel voices cease
To chant the hymn of love to men,
Still grant to us Thy peace!
From strife and warfare grant release;
Grant us, O Christ, Thy peace!

J. PAUL SPAETH, '17.

Christmas with the Poets.



CHRISTMAS has ever been a favorite theme with the poets. The number of books of Christmas verse and poems with which our book-stores abound at this time of the year gives ample proof that this fruitful source of poetic thought has not been left untouched by the singers of the beautiful. The subject, too, has been approached from every possible angle. There is hardly a phase of Christmas thought that has not found expression somewhere among the English poets from Milton down to the present day. Some have emphasized its deeply spiritual significance, others have regarded it in a more material light laying greater stress upon the holiday spirit with its round of joy and pleasure and gladness, which characterizes this great day as at present celebrated.

To us who realize the all important fact that makes Christmas what it is, it is gratifying to learn that the poets, no matter how varied their treatment and how different their viewpoint, have not failed to grasp the central idea of Christmas.

The Infant Saviour in the manger, Peace and Good-will and Charity, one and all in some way or other find expression in the Christmas poems of the great masters.

So Milton in what is, no doubt, the most classical of English Christmas poems, his ode "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity," makes all nature do honor and make obeisance to her great Lord and Master.

Although according to the divine plan,

"It was the winter wild
While the heaven-born Child
All meanly wrapped in His rude manger lies"

Still

"Nature in awe to Him
Has doffed her gaudy trim
With her great Master so to sympathise."

Milton moreover insists and dwells to some extent upon the significant fact that at Christ's coming the whole world was in perfect peace. After telling us how, He,

"Her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace,"

Who

"Strikes a universal peace through sea and land,"
he then beautifully continues,

"No war, or battle's sound,
Was heard the world around;
The idle spear and shield were high uphung;
The hooked chariot stood,
Unstained with hostile blood;
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng;
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.

And so

"Peaceful was the night,
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began."

We are surprised and somewhat disappointed to find in all the writings of Shakespeare only one mention of this joyous festival. It is in Hamlet that he pays the feast this pretty and appropriate tribute:

"Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated.
This bird of dawning singeth all night long
And then they say no spirit dares stir abroad.
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike
No fairy takes, nor witch has power to charm
So hallowed and so gracious is the time."

Tennyson has woven the Christmas thought at great length into what is perhaps his most famous poem and practically his masterpiece, the "In Memoriam."

It was, as is well known, after four years of closest friendship between Arthur Hallam and Tennyson that the "shadow feared of men," "spread his mantle dark and cold" and "broke their fair companionship." The poet, heart-broken and well nigh disconsolate, found the "sad mechanic exercise" "of measured language" "like dull narcotics numbing pain."

The composition of the poem covered a space of three years. There are three distinct cycles in the chain of thought and the

spirit of each part may be grasped from the poems, descriptive of the three Christmas tides that occur in the course of the poems.

Thus on the first Christmas eve following the death of his friend the merry ringing of the Yuletide bells blends but discordantly with the grief that racks the poet's heart.

But deaf he cannot be to their joyous message of peace and good-will, for:

"They controlled me when a boy;
They bring me sorrow touched with joy,
The merry, merry bells of Yule."

He sees that on such a night it is not fit for sorrow to reign supreme and for old form's sake he will not forbid the wonted merry-making.

"Go," therefore, he says,
"And while the holly boughs
Entwine the cold baptismal font
Make one more wreath for use and wont
That guard the portals of the house."

His determination to enter into the spirit of the day, brings its reward, for the hope that is born of the gladness of the occasion conquers in the end as is clear from the concluding prayer for added strength and hope.

"Rise, happy morn, Rise, holy morn
Draw forth the cheerful day from night.
O Father, touch the East and light
The Light that shone when Hope was borne."

The spirit of the second Christmas is marked by his rising hopes and calm and silent joy,—a joy however mingled with the quiet sense of something lost and so a perfect calm holds sway.

"The silent snow possessed the earth
And calmly fell our Christmas eve."

But in the third Christmas poem, however, he gives more tuneful expression to his joyous, hopeful spirit. Joy has buried grief, and hope has eclipsed despair. Thus he closes the poem in peace and cheerful gladness.

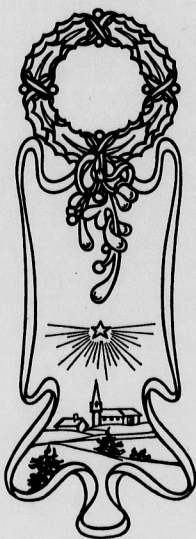
"Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand.
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

And so we might go on indefinitely, quoting the Christmas thoughts of the poets. Sir Walter Scott, Wordsworth, Coleridge and other English poets have written beautifully on this subject. So, too, with our American poets, Longfellow and Whittier especially.

Of course it is but natural to find our Catholic poets, DeVere, Newman, Fr. Southwell, Fr. Ryan and others, particularly inspired when they attempt this sacred subject. We could not hope to quote from all of them. Let one only then suffice. It is the concluding stanza of the "Ballad for Christmas Eve" by the most modern of modern Catholic poets, Mr. Joyce Kilmer:

"Unbar your hearts this evening
And keep no stranger out,
Take from your soul's great portal
The barrier of doubt.
To humble folk and weary
Give hearty welcoming,
Your breast shall be tomorrow
The cradle of a King."

HAROLD A. THORBURN, '19.



Canon Sheehan and the Modern Novel.



SOCIOLOGY is supposed to be the science with which the modern "problem" novel deals. Of course, it is not true sociology. Real sociology has for its ultimate aim the happiness of the human race, and the modern problem novel merely attempts to show its readers how to get a little pleasure out of life and then make a successful pretense at being somebody. Any person who thinks a life of that kind is a happy one is a fool. But there are not very many who really think that.

It is doubtful if Canon Sheehan ever thought of himself as a sociological writer. Nor is it certain that he ever wrote a book for the purpose of setting forth any doctrines of sociology; but the work of the true genius is more or less unconscious. Students of sociology will find many a valuable bit of advice in the stories of the prophet of Doneraile.

It seems that one way, if not the only way, of lessening the amount of suffering among the poor is by bringing those who are possessed of much to a proper knowledge of the conditions of poverty in which their neighbors are living and, by making clear to them their duties of justice and charity, inducing them to assist their less fortunate brethren. All that would be easy enough if it were not for that strange distinction among people called "class."

That material wealth should be the indicator of a person's culture, and, further, that a limit to one's material possessions should be looked upon as a limit to the possibility of acquiring culture, is not only an illogical but almost an inhuman way of looking at things. Yet it is the world's way of looking at life, and because we are all more or less tainted with this false notion, the task of the social worker is bound to be fraught with many difficulties. It was the great founder of the Saint Vincent de Paul Society, Frederic Ozanam, who pointed the necessity of certain persons acting as go-betweens for the rich and the poor, and this sentiment is echoed in the musings of the hero in "Lisheen," who concludes that "some of us must go down among these people and raise them from their condition. But oh, the cost!" It is, of course, his consciousness of his "class"

that makes this man feel "the cost." Yet the necessity of the "go-between" remains, and the difficulties, when they arise, must be met. It requires of the social worker some knowledge of the old art of being "all things to all men."

"Lisheen" will give us an illustration. "You will come," says the would-be reformer to the parish priest, "for your people's sake?" "You will come?" asks the wealthy philanthropist. "You'll find me, perhaps, somewhat different from what you expect. Come for your people's sake!" And the good priest marvels that these two men—the man of wealth and the man of poor means—should both have appealed to him for the same purpose: the good of his people.

In Canon Sheehan's stories, it is usually the parish priest who typifies the ideal social worker, because it is the parish priest who has taken most to heart the Apostle's admonition to "be all things to all men." There is a mistaken notion, and it is a pitiable thing in these days of "the lay apostolate," that because these words of Saint Paul were addressed to the ministers of the Church no one else was to profit by them.

The primary difficulties in the way of the prospective social worker are the difference of viewpoint between himself and those whom he would benefit. Long endurance of harsh conditions is not likely to result in a softening of the manners of people. It may make them suspicious of the best intended efforts at their relief. Robert Maxwell, the hero of "Lisheen," goes out from a home of wealth to lift up the Irish poor to a higher life. He must travel incognito. Result: he is suspected as an army deserter, a runaway thief and, finally, as an insane murderer. And when he gives to the citizens of Cahercon a Shakespearean recital, the rough youngsters of the village threaten violence for the murder of Desdemona! Robert Maxwell had not learned one lesson well enough, namely, that haste in an intellectual "up-lift" must be slow. "Festina lente!" was the fatherly admonition of the Reverend "Daddy Dan" to his new curate, "Festina lente!"

While the conditions with which Canon Sheehan deals in his novels are more or less characteristic of Ireland, the difficulties he indicates are to be met with in some form or other wherever there are poor to be helped and people of better means to help them. Maxwell, too, was slow to accustom himself to the difference of viewpoint and ideals. He knew of the difference,

of course, but when confronted with it, the experience sickened him. That virtue could flourish amid such squalid surroundings as he found in the Irish farm-houses, that people could be content with a little learning, and that they could find happiness in obedience and submission to God's will in giving them poverty for their portion, were mighty hard truths, and they struck him with a force that was little short of violent.

But the hero of "Lisheen" stands by his resolution to uplift his Irish fellows. Defeat stares him in the face, for defeat is the sign of victory in a mission like his. The temptation to waver and retrace his steps comes once with a terrible force. Crushed by despair and blasted in health, he turns his face from the path he had chosen of his own free will, but the self-imposed duty follows him and commands him to return. "Come back," says Debbie McAuliffe, "you had no right ever to come here, but having come among us, you have no right now to leave us." And Maxwell returns. It is the hardest trial and the severest lesson of all for the social worker. The constant struggle with hardship will bring out a weakness, if there is any in the worker's character, and the desire to flee comes down upon him like a mania; but the feeling will rise in the shrinking soul, "you had no right, perhaps, ever to come here, but having come, you have no right to leave."

Most people, we may suppose, have read something from the pen of Canon Sheehan. To those of his readers who have felt that call to do some little good for their fellow-men, the kindly admonitions of the good prophet of Doneraile must be a source of encouragement and help. For the real happiness in doing good to others consists in knowing that "inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these, My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

J. PAUL SPAETH, '17.



For a Mother's Love.



COME softly, good reader, let us enter the humble dwelling of a poor German peasant. What strange sadness greets us here? What a cloud of gloom hovers about the place? How different it is from the pleasant scenes we have just left behind us?

The little wall-calendar shows the nearness of the Christmas time, but all the glad good cheer which ushers this merry season into our own dear homes, is nowhere to be found. Alas! it is far away, for the merciless war god has marked this door with his awful cross of blood.

And yet, but a little more than a year ago, it was the happy home of as cheerful a little family as the whole Fatherland could boast. The father and his eldest son went away one day never to return. A short while afterwards the sad news arrived that they had been shot and killed in war. Then the other child left, and for all we know, might even now be shedding his blood "somewhere in France." So the poor mother was left alone, and alas!—we must not be deceived—she must soon take her departure too. For she has all a mother's heart, and such worries, such trials, such griefs have slowly but surely forced her down to the pitiful sick-bed where we behold her now.

The old doctor slowly shakes his head.

"There is no hope," he whispers, "no hope. It is the inevitable result of a broken heart. Poor woman! she would not be alive even now, were it not for the hopeless conviction that her son will come home for Christmas. She can not last another month."

Perhaps this is well! But hear how she calls for her son, her only living child! She must see him once more before she dies! They must write and tell him that she is sick! Then he will come; the good God will surely send him to her—perhaps on Christmas, and she will see him then and can die in peace.

Poor dear mother, how vain are all your entreaties! how fruitless your sobs! The good neighbors have sent a letter to your son revealing all. But even if he could hear you calling over all the miles of intervening country, he would have to remain deaf to your sweet voice, for he has been enslaved by the god of war, and made a cog in this dreadful machine, and as such he must remain where he is placed until removed by some guiding genius or worn away with use.

And still, let us follow that letter and see for ourselves.

We have arrived at our destination "somewhere in France." See, they are preparing for a battle! The great military commander has just made a passionate appeal to his brave German troops. They are going to give a Christmas present to their country, a present of additional territory in France. We are divided between two emotions, admiration and pity. Victory must be bought at a very high price. The present for which they are to contend is purchasable only with blood, for the French lined up opposite them, occupy the strongest and most important position on the whole front, and it will be a great blessing if more than one-half of the attacking force come out alive. Still the soldiers seem moved by but one feeling, but one determination, to conquer or die in the attempt.

"If it is possible," come the words of the brave old commander, "that there is anyone among you, so faint-hearted, so cowardly, so selfish as not to be ready and willing to die for his country, let him come and tell me now, and I will excuse him from the battle, for we will need all men with us then and only men worthy of the name."

He has stopped for a reply and is greeted with universal applause,—but no, it has died away as suddenly as it arose. Could it be that there is someone mean enough to take advantage of this means of escaping the fight? See, a slim blue-eyed boy has withdrawn from the crowd and is approaching the officer! Mark how he blushes as the eyes of his brave comrades are turned upon him in scorn! How he hangs his head and trembles under the stern gaze of his commander! His heart has failed him; his tongue refuses to utter the cowardly words; he stands there in helpless silence.

"So,"—disappointment rather than anger filled the old officer's voice—"so you are afraid to fight this battle, I see?"

The boy raises his head a little, and see, there are tears in his eyes. He has drawn a letter from his inner pocket, but his voice is scarcely audible.

"General, I have just received a letter from my poor mother, and I want to beg you for a short leave of absence, until—"

"Until the battle has been fought. Enough of your excuses!"

The boy has fallen to his knees, and entreats the general to read his letter.

But he is waved aside.

"Enough, and more than enough! Do not make it worse by trying to excuse yourself. You are a coward, sir! I will not need you for the battle, for again I say, we must have only brave men such as your comrades here, while you have proven yourself a mere weak, cowardly, faint-hearted woman. And now, sir, I will leave you to them to treat you as becomes your sort."

It seems strange to us, but to those rough soldiers, the epithet which the commander applied was the limit of contempt for one of their number, and from all sides, a chorus of scoffing, jeering voices cry out:

"Woman! woman! woman!"

* * * * *

Some time has passed. All is excitement and confusion in the trenches. The greatest battle of the year had been fought and lost. Never has man displayed greater courage or greater determination than the brave German soldiers, but it was all useless. They were met with a fire of shot and shell that mowed them down as wheat in the field. So, after a short time there was nothing to do but retreat, leaving behind them between the trenches, a field covered with their dead and dying.

"The general has fallen! The general has fallen!"

A mad cry of horror fills the air, but alas, too late! The poor old commander had insisted on viewing the battle from the front trench, and when he saw his soldiers begin to waver, he rushed out to lead them on, and somehow in the confusion of that terrible fire, he fell and was neglected by his men. So there he lay now, in full view of either trench, not dead but seemingly helplessly injured.

We shudder to think what will become of him now. Will some French rifle ever put an end to his sufferings? God forbid that his own men will have to do this! But good heavens, will he be left there to die and decay in "no man's land"?

"Good God! men, we must rescue him!" cries a shrill voice.

Those bloody veterans gaze helplessly at each other with soldiers' tears in their eyes. One and all, they would gladly rush forth at the greatest risk to their own lives in order to save their wounded leader, but in the face of the fire they have just received, it was hopeless.

But now that shrill voice reaches our ears again:

"Good heavens! men, why do you hesitate? It is your duty, men! We must, we must rescue him! Come with me! Quick!"

All have turned toward the speaker. Some of the men laugh half hysterically, half scornfully; others are held in spell-bound silence. What is our own surprise to find our gaze resting upon—a woman.

But look! she has suited her actions to her words and leaped from the trench. The men are no longer silent now. A mad shout of warning is sent forth. Still none dare to follow.

Surely the woman must be mad. For she does not stop even now, but rushes on—on in the face of certain death.

Shot and shell are whistling and bursting on every side of her, and still she keeps on. Good Lord, is she a superhuman being, or have the French remembered that even in war they can be human and are purposely shooting wide of the mark?

On she rushes still. And now she has reached him. See how tenderly she lifts the wounded man in her arms! And now she is coming back.

God protect her whatever she may be! Will she ever reach the trench? But she is almost here. Ten more steps—nine—eight—seven.

Look, the French have ceased to fire, and are standing up in their trenches, their caps in their hands. Can it be?

Now but four more steps—but two—but one! Quick! make way for her, men! Relieve her of her burden! Help her down! She is here!

And now she is greeted with a shout such as the world has never heard before, a shout arising from thousands of throats, both French and German, friend and foe, shaking the very heavens with the praise of the heroic rescuer who has accomplished what men did not even dare to attempt.

* * * * *

Again some time has passed. The doctor has pronounced the general seriously, but probably, not fatally wounded. He has been removed to a hospital some miles back of the trenches. Here we find him resting easy and engaged in earnest conversation with a distinguished man, a very distinguished man, in fact, the emperor himself.

There is a gentle knock at the door. It opens, and the general's rescuer stands before us. The general and the great man together gaze at her with silent admiration.

"Well," exclaims the former at last, "the boys surely did a good job of it. And I am truly grateful to them, for if they hadn't, I wouldn't be here now, and neither would you. So you see, the hand of Providence must have been in the whole affair. But take those things off now, boy. There is no need to disguise yourself any longer, for even as a woman you have proved yourself more than a man."

What then is our astonishment to find the brave woman melt away before our eyes and in her stead a boy—the same blue-eyed lad who had tried so hard to escape the battle has again appeared.

A deep sigh comes from the old man in the bed.

"Dear child," he asks tenderly, "why did you want that leave of absence?"

The boy has again produced a letter from his inner pocket and handed it to the general.

When he finished reading it, his eyes filled with tears.

"Can you ever forgive me, boy," he pleads.

Then he hands the letter to the man at his side, who also reads it, and then writes out a little slip of paper which is given to the boy.

The poor lad is beside himself with joy. He can go to his mother now, for the paper is his honorable discharge. He falls upon his knees and kisses the great man's hand. But there is another surprise in store for him, for the emperor takes a little piece of shining metal from his pocket and pins it to the boy's coat. His eyes light up with a new light, and his heart swells with pride. The little piece of metal is the coveted iron cross.

* * * * *

It is Christmas day. We have arrived once more at the humble cottage where we left the sick mother calling for her soldier boy. She is still in bed but she is more quiet now and there is a smile of peace upon her care-worn countenance, for the good news has arrived that her prayer is to be answered, her boy is coming home.

The door opens; there is a hasty step upon the threshold, and in another moment, mother and son are in each other's warm embrace.

But now let us quietly withdraw, and leave them to themselves to enjoy a really happy Christmas together. See, here comes the doctor with us.

"Well, doctor, is there still no hope that the mother will recover?"

"Ah yes, my friends, it is wonderful, well nigh miraculous. It is like seeing one rise from the dead, but I now have every reason to believe, she will get well."

GORDON GUTTING, '18.

A Spirit Wanderer.



LOOSED from my mask of matter,
Ne'er more to be bound again,
Fuel for the flames that shatter,
Condemned to the haunts of men,

I roam, disconsolate, weary,
O'er the seared and curséd spot,
Where late in the fight, at evening,
My worldly corse was shot.

Wondering at the paleness,
Of each sad fellow-ghost,
I mark the ways divergent
Of all that pallid host.

Is order here, Transition?
And man a man no more?
Strange is the new condition,
And strange the echoing shore,

Whence some in brightness garbed,
Are wafted upward ever,
And some, bedecked in blackness,
Full glut the infernal river.

Barred where I fain would take me,
Yet held from the depths below,
I stand where powers quake me,
I shrink where all is woe.

Each opening of the shutter,
Which mortal man names Death,
Brings shadows, some to join me,
Or pass me as a breath.

JOSEPH A. WELPLY, '18.

Faith or Reason?



HEY talk of the seven deadly sins of society. But when it comes to an enumeration of them there is a diversity of opinion. It is a great deal like picking an All-American football team. Everybody picks his own—and no doubt prides himself on the excellence of his choice. There is, though, one fault to be imputed to society, which is pretty generally admitted—except by those who are guilty of it. It may be called intellectual pride. Men glory in the vastness of their own knowledge and the depths of their own erudition. Propose something to one of them, “No” will be the rejoinder; “I do not see how it can be. It cannot be.” Oh vanitas vanitatum!

William James, former professor of Anatomy at Harvard, took occasion to refute and controvert the arguments advanced by some modern philosophers, who denied the existence of the soul. James himself did not believe in any such thing as a soul. But he did not like the “proofs” of these individuals, and with remarkable clearness exposed the fallacies in their philosophy. So clear, in fact, was his exposition that he declared he must either admit the existence of the soul, or else be illogical. Did his logical accuracy convince him of the soul’s reality? No. He was not prepared to make such a concession. “What must we do in this tragic predicament?” writes James. “For my part, I have finally found myself compelled to give up the logic fairly, squarely and irrevocably.” Professor James preferred to be illogical rather than relinquish a pet scientific theory, rather than give up his “psychology without a soul.” Science showed him nothing of a soul. He could not find it, so it was not. Still we must give James credit for a certain amount of frankness in his position. Most of them will not admit their lack of logic.

Certainly we have in our day a great deal of this inflated pride. There exists among many of our learned men a striking peculiarity which inclines them, once they acquire recognition in their own line, beneficently to enlighten the world on everything. They become so taken up with their own ability, place so much confidence in their own powers of mind that, no matter how puerile or ridiculous the reasons they assign for things, they

arrogantly proclaim the truth of their conclusions. Really, oftentimes it would hardly be to their credit to say they were actually convinced on the reasons they bring forth. And the credulous public, ever ready to be duped, is "taken in." This propensity of the erudite in question, or rather this pretense, as it were, to omniscience is something in which our own times can lay no particular claim to distinction. It has been characteristic, more or less, of all ages. Generally it will manifest itself definitely in the attitude of the afflicted one towards religion and science. The all-knowing and unerring Doctor of Philosophy and Bachelor of Science inform us that there can be no religion. One tells you his philosophy makes religion impossible; the other claims that his science "turns the trick."

Not many years ago geology made some startling discoveries that threatened the very foundations of religious belief. Geologists looked for the flaws in Holy Scripture. They looked and looked—some are still looking. But as yet they have not destroyed religion. Nor will they. Truth is truth, whether scientific or religious. The same God that created nature and the laws thereof has spoken the word on which religion is founded. Hence science and religion, though they verge one on the other, cannot be at variance. The Catholic scientist is aided, not impeded, in his scientific research, because of his strong religious convictions. For him science is not true unless it accords with God's own veracity.

Back in the 12th century there took place a controversy between two illustrious philosophers, Peter Abelard and St. Bernard. Abelard was a man of great learning and really brilliant intellect. Abelard's works were spread broadcast, and his popularity was unbounded. The fact that he wished to make human reason the tribunal before which dogmas of faith were to be examined helped to swell his following. Abelard was a monk, a professed monk of St. Denis. But the name that his teaching was bringing him tickled his pride, and being naturally of a restless disposition he soon followed the siren call of fame and left the monastery walls behind. He was welcomed everywhere. Tall, well-proportioned and of distinguished mien, on all sides he was accorded the utmost respect. Encouraged by his successes and urged on by his disciples, Abelard lectured everywhere and on everything—in the public squares, in the public schools and in the universities. His doctrines on faith and reason have had

the most lasting effect. So much so, that in addition to having been styled the "father of the sophistry of the middle ages" he has likewise been called the "patriarch of modern rationalism."

Abelard placed much stress on the line from Solomon: "He who believes lightly is a fool." Quoting "scripture for his own purpose," he held that to place faith before reason was to "believe lightly." According to him faith was a mere opinion ("aestimatio" is the word he uses) which was the result of the process of reasoning. He made the mysteries of faith depend on reason alone, and not at all on revelation. Abelard's stand would be correct if religion were only natural; in that case reason would be the only guide to faith and faith would be dependent upon it. But as matter of fact religion is revealed. In that revelation the Almighty has proposed to our belief facts that we could not possibly have known by reason alone. Reason cannot get above the natural. Unaided it can establish nothing of the supernatural in religion.

A quotation from Thomas Dwight, also Professor of Anatomy at Harvard, is pertinent: "The acceptance of supernatural religion is something more than the result of an act of deliberate reason. It is an act of faith, which owes its origin to a supernatural gift of God, by which the will accepts what is revealed to the mind."

But Abelard denied that God's revelation would be necessary for us to obtain a knowledge of what we call the supernatural in religion. And he tries to prove the supernatural by reason. His attempt, for instance, to show the existence of the Holy Trinity from reason is a bit poetic, but highly unreasonable, even ludicrous. Abelard abused reason in his attempt to establish the precedence of reason over faith.

St. Bernard's attack on Abelard was relentless. He showed plainly that Abelard was subjecting to reason that which was not the proper object of reason, that which can be acquired only by a lively faith, submissive to the statements of God Himself. We must have "a reason for the faith that is in us," but God's word is sufficient. Abelard was finally convinced of his errors by the Abbot of Clairvaux. Abelard had accused the venerable Bernard of calumny, but the latter was vindicated before the world. Abelard, who had never avowed a breakage from Catholicity, despite the fact that his teachings ran counter to her dog-

mas of faith, now retired from public and retracted all his false doctrines.

But why discuss what occurred away back in the twelfth century? In the beginning of this article mention was made of the seven deadly sins of society. Intellectual pride was mentioned as one of them. We are more convinced than before that it is. There may be other things that enter in, perversity, fear of the consequences, or possibly actual inability to grasp logical reasoning. However, we believe intellectual pride is causing quite a bit of disturbance in society today. We brought in Peter Abelard for a purpose. He had been borne aloft on the wings of fame, had mingled in his pride with the "dis superis." But he admitted his error, conquered his self-estimation. Some of our learned scientists and philosophers might look at Abelards' case, and possibly be tempted to use the means whereby they might rid themselves of abnormal cranial development, and at the same time alleviate rather than irritate the ills of human-kind.

THOMAS A. GALLAGHER, '17.

Snowflakes.

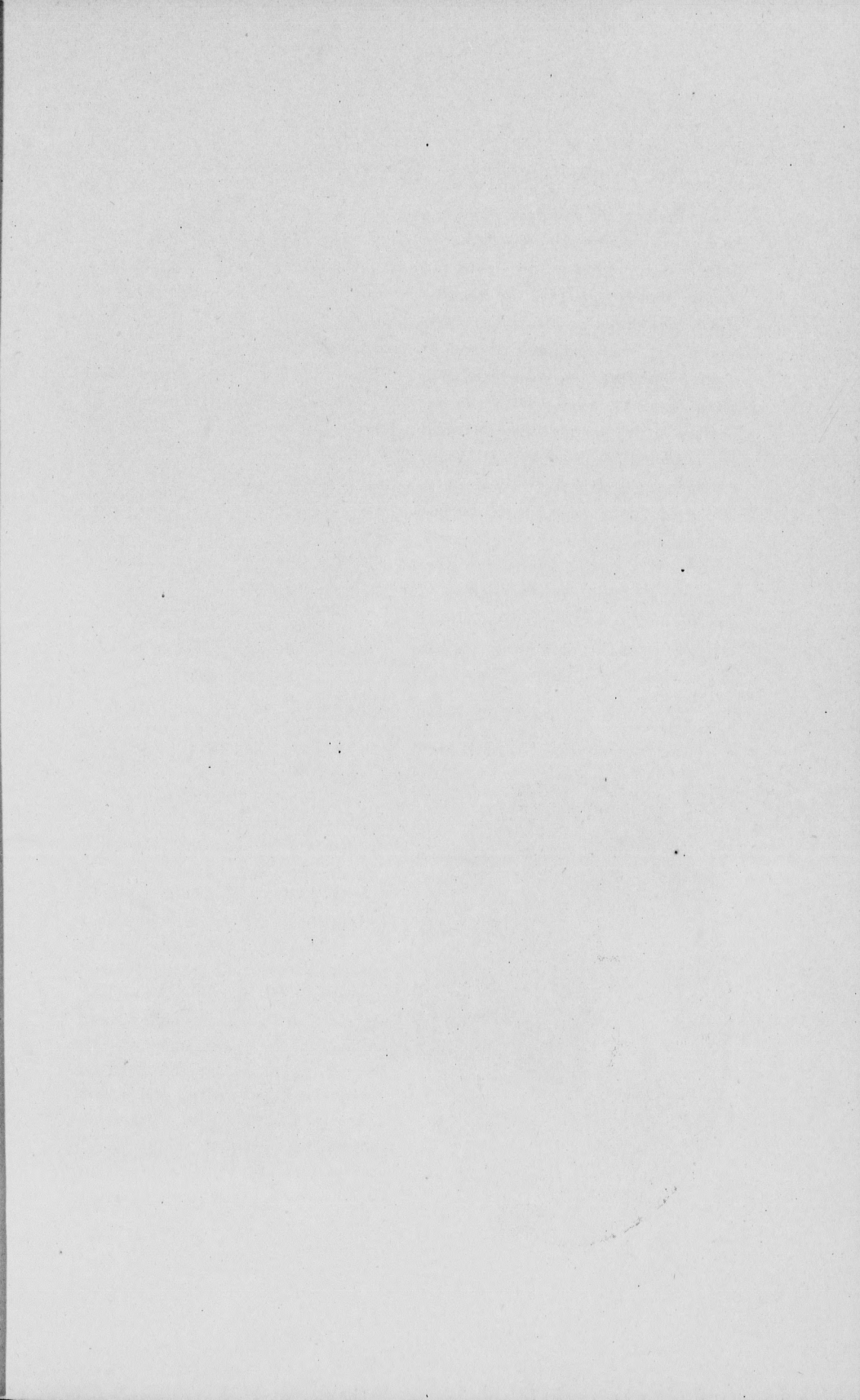


ANCING, falling, gently floating,
Flakes of fleecy snow,
Everything in whiteness coating,
Sweeping to and fro.

Drops it gently on the palace,
Black in deeds of shame,
Hiding all the pent-up malice
'Neath its own fair name.

Drops it on the darksome casement,
Where spare Sorrow dwells,
And the hope of Grief's effacement,
To her heart it tells.

COLEMAN COOK, '19.



Rev. Albert A. Dierkes, S. J.

Nineteenth President of St. Xavier College, 1901-1908.

Rev. Albert A. Dierkes was born in Ludlow, Kentucky, November 1, 1858. After graduation from St. Xavier College in 1878, he entered the Jesuit order at Florissant, Missouri. He was ordained at Woodstock, Maryland, by Cardinal Gibbons, June 30, 1892. With the exception of his term as President of St. Xavier, Father Dierkes was chiefly engaged as a missionary. He died October 8, 1914, in the rectory of St. Patrick Church, Superior, Wisconsin, where for several years he had been stationed as pastor and superior of a missionary band operating in that region.



Rev. Joseph Grimmelsman, S. J.

Twentieth President of St. Xavier College, 1908-1911.



Rev. Joseph Grimmelsman is a native of Cincinnati. He entered the Society of Jesus in 1871 at the age of eighteen. At the close of his theological studies at Louvain, Belgium, where he had been ordained in 1884, he was appointed a professor in the Jesuit scholasticate at Woodstock, Maryland. In addition to a long term as Provincial, Father Grimmelsman has been rector of St. Louis University, Marquette University, Milwaukee, Detroit College, St. Stanislaus Seminary, Florissant, and of St. Xavier. At present he is Rector at the Jesuit Tertianship at Cleveland, Ohio.

St. Xavier Since 1890.



T. Xavier's Golden Jubilee, in 1890, was celebrated in a manner well befitting the half century of successful achievements of which it formed the climax. The commencement week of June 16, was selected as the most appropriate time for the commemorative exercises and the preparations were begun well beforehand so that no detail was omitted that would help make the event one of the most memorable in the annals of the college.

There was every reason for the college to be proud of her glorious record during the first fifty years of her existence. Beset at one time or another with varying vicissitudes of fortune, she had bravely battled with them all and conquered. Poverty and want, slander and prejudice, war and pestilence had at different times obstructed her path, but one and all had proved powerless to check her onward march. As, year by year, her material aspect grew in strength and prominence, so too, the number of her students increased and each succeeding commencement saw new sons go forth in the various walks of life, trained to practice and inculcate the principles she had taught.

It was a happy coincidence that the old "Athenaeum" was still in existence at the time of the golden jubilee. Its practical usefulness was about at an end, but its venerable walls linked the memory of many an old student with the historic past and its modest proportions, standing in striking contrast with the massive Hill building towering over it, told more eloquently than would have been possible for word or pen, the story of Xavier's progress. The Carrell building, built in 1852 and covering the site of the old engine house, immediately north of the Athenaeum and flush with Sycamore Street, had been demolished after the completion of the Hill building in 1868. These structures together with the large addition known as the Moeller building, completed in 1885, marked so many decisive steps in St. Xavier's expansion. Her attendance despite occasional fluctuations had kept pace with these advances. From 173 in the year 1840-1841, it had risen to 419 in the year ending June 1890. The first Bachelor of Arts degrees were conferred in 1843, Messrs. John Goodin and Timothy O'Connor being the recipients. The twelve graduates in 1890 brought the total num-

ber of Baccalaureate degrees conferred by the college up to 235. Up to and including this year, ninety Master of Arts degrees had been conferred.

The opening service of the jubilee week was a Solemn High Mass in St. Xavier Church on Monday, June 16, under the auspices of the alumni association. Bishop Richter of Grand Rapids was the celebrant and Bishop Watterson of Columbus delivered the sermon. Present in the sanctuary were Archbishop Elder, Bishop Maes, a large number of priests from the dioceses of Cincinnati, Covington, Louisville and Ft. Wayne, and delegations of priests from the Franciscans, the Passionists and the Jesuits, including several former presidents of the college. The music was furnished by Weber's grand orchestra of forty pieces and a select chorus of seventy-two voices under the direction of Mr. Andrew J. Boex.

That same evening the Alumni Association conducted commemorative exercises at the Grand Opera House. After introductory remarks by Mr. Francis H. Cloud, of the class of '63, president of the association, Mr. Louis O'Shaughnessy, '63, read an original ode, composed especially for the occasion. The address for the alumni was delivered by Mr. William A. Byrne, '75. A feature not mentioned on the programme followed, when, to the stirring notes of "The Campbells Are Coming," the president of the college, Rev. Henry A. Schapman, appeared on the stage accompanied by Governor Campbell of Ohio. In a brief address His Excellency paid a glowing tribute to the work of the college. The principal speaker of the evening was the distinguished Catholic layman, Honorable William J. Onahan, of Chicago. In a masterful oration he extolled the work of the Jesuits and of Catholics in general in the field of education.

The concluding number of the programme was the reading by Father Schapman of a letter expressing the pleasure of the Holy Father at the occasion of the golden jubilee and bestowing the apostolic benediction. The letter was written by His Holiness' private secretary, Cardinal Rampolla, and ran as follows:

Very Reverend Father:

The contents of your letter written in the beginning of this month to His Holiness, Leo XIII, have given him great pleasure. He offers praise and thanksgiving to God, who has made the Catholic religion advance and thrive in wonderful ways in your favored country, and who has wished therein to use your minis-

try and that of your companions. At the same time he congratulates you all most heartily upon the celebration of the fiftieth birthday of your college, and he beseeches God to grant a joyful abundance of excellent fruits to your future labors.

The Apostolic Benediction which you ask for yourself, your companions, your alumni and the promoters of your work, he bestows with tender love.

While transmitting the above command of His Holiness, I rejoice to be able to express the sincere esteem with which I am yours, Reverend Father,

Most cordially,

M. CARD. RAMPOLLA.

Rome, May 20, 1890.

V. R. Henry Schapman, S. J., Rector St. Xavier College,
Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A.

On Tuesday evening the alumni banquet was held at the Gibson House. It was a distinguished gathering of priests and laymen; the large banquet hall was handsomely adorned in a manner befitting the dignity of the guests and the solemnity of the occasion. Mr. Francis H. Cloud presided and Mr. Otway J. Cosgrave acted as toastmaster. An original ode, the second composed for the jubilee, was read by Mr. William Littleford. Toasts were responded to by Rev. Francis H. Stuntebeck, S. J., and Messrs. Michael O'Neill and William C. Wolking. Among the other speakers were Bishop Maes, Mayor Mosby, Rev. J. P. Frieden, S. J., Provincial of the Missouri Province of the Society of Jesus, and Very Rev. J. A. Albrinck, Vicar General of the Archdiocese of Cincinnati.

The fiftieth annual commencement took place at the Grand Opera House, Wednesday evening, June 18. The event was made more auspicious by the conferring of a number of post-graduate degrees. Very Rev. John C. Albrinck received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy and Messrs. Gustave Bruhl, M. D., and William J. Onahan that of Doctor of Laws. Twenty-seven Master of Arts degrees were conferred, two Master of Sciences and two Bachelor of Sciences. The graduates to receive the Bachelor of Arts degree numbered twelve.

On Friday morning, June 20, a Solemn Pontifical Requiem Mass was celebrated in the church by Rt. Rev. Camillus P. Maes, Bishop of Covington, for the deceased professors and students and members of the congregation. The select choir of forty

voices was assisted by Weber's military band. On Saturday the usual celebration in honor of St. Aloysius took place with Rev. J. P. Frieden, S. J., as celebrant of the Mass. The parish jubilee was commemorated with a Solemn High Mass on Sunday, June 22. Rev. John Poland, S. J., the oldest priest born and baptized in the parish was celebrant of the Mass.

The week of jubilation was brought to a close with Solemn Pontifical Vespers Sunday evening, June 22, with Most Rev. Archbishop Elder officiating. The impressive chanting of the "Te Deum" formed a significant climax to the week of rejoicing and thanksgiving. The extraordinary success which marked the golden jubilee celebration and the care with which all the details had been foreseen and provided for, will no doubt warrant the mention here of the committeemen who had the work in hand. They were, Rev. Henry M. Calmer, S. J., Moderator of the Alumni Association, Very Rev. John Albrinck, V. G., and Messrs. Francis H. Cloud, Francis J. McCabe, Robert X. Ryan, William J. Gray, William A. Byrne, William J. Tobin, William C. Wolk-ing, Theodore A. Bruehl, James A. Sebastiani, Lawrence N. Poland, William Littleford, Henry A. Barnhorn, Thomas P. Hart, Albert M. Reinhart, William M. Piatt, and Edward P. Moulinier.

A proof that the sentiments of gratitude expressed so profusely during the jubilee week were not mere empty words and that the bright hopes for the future pictured by the eloquent orators were not idle dreams was found in the events immediately following the celebration. The motto of the jubilee had been "Prosperere procede et regna," and the alumni proceeded forthwith to make the imperative a fact. At a meeting of the association on July 2, it was announced that "a friend of education" had offered a check for \$10,000 on condition that the alumni raise as much more for the erection of a memorial hall. A subscription was started at once and \$3,000 was subscribed on the spot. This hall is one of the attractive features of what is now the college building proper.

Work was begun on this building in the fall of that year and on September 8, 1891, it was dedicated. The building measures 137 by 90 feet and cost about \$100,000. Though not grand or pretentious, still with its five stories and high mansard roof, its numerous well-lighted class-rooms, its laboratories, gymnasium, library, exhibition hall and chapel, it had, until recent years, no

equal in the city either in point of appearance or equipment. The dedication of the chapel took place on December 29. Archbishop Elder performed the ceremony and Bishop Maes celebrated the Pontifical High Mass which followed. That same evening witnessed the formal opening by the alumni association, of the new Memorial Hall. The trial scene from "The Merchant of Venice," the carousal scene from "Twelfth Night" and the Forest or Arden scene from "As You Like It" were presented by members of the alumni under the direction of Mr. Charles Koehler. These classic renditions, together with musical numbers, vocal and instrumental, formed an appropriate inauguration of the long series of artistic entertainments that have since been given within these walls.

While the new building was being erected, the remains of the old Athenaeum were gradually removed. During the summer of 1891 the work was completed. On August 3, the cornerstone of the building was found about two feet below the surface of the ground. The leaden box which was enclosed in it was badly corroded and the papers it contained were torn and almost illegible. They stated that the college had been dedicated to St. Francis Xavier in 1830 by the Rev. James Ignatius Mullon.

It was but natural to expect that the prestige gained as a result of the golden jubilee and the new building should react on the attendance. That it did, as a matter of fact, is shown in the enrollment for the year 1891-1892, which numbered 485, the largest in the history of the college.

Father Schapman had been rector of the college for more than six years when on December 26, 1893, he was transferred to the presidency of Detroit College. He was succeeded by Rev. A. J. Burrowes, S. J. In the following January a course of lectures was organized for the friends and patrons of the college. They were given in Memorial Hall and the lecturers were prominent Jesuits of the Missouri Province. The appreciation shown by the large audiences warranted a lengthier and more varied course the following year. In addition to the Jesuit lecturers, the following prominent alumni gave lectures on timely and interesting topics: William A. Byrne, L. B. O'Shaughnessy, Dr. Thomas P. Hart, William Littleford, William C. Wolking and W. J. Tobin. These courses were continued for a number of years.

In response to a long felt desire on the part of the alumni, a post-graduate course was begun November 10, 1896. Before the end of the month about fifty members were enrolled. Father John Poland lectured on Ethics and Literature and Father M. J. O'Connor, at the time Prefect of Studies at the college, on Logic. At the close of the course in June, seven Master of Arts and four Bachelor of Arts degrees were conferred.

On February 3, 1896, Rev. M. J. O'Connor succeeded Father Burrowes as president of the college. No events of consequence occurred during the next few years, but the attendance, which had suffered a decisive decline since 1892, began to improve. From 387 in 1896 it rose to 458 in 1901. On February 2 of this year Rev. Albert A. Dierkes was installed as Rector of the college.

What might be called the first step in the direction of a new and a greater St. Xavier, took place, when on August 17, 1906, the college purchased for \$32,500 the property located at Gilbert and Lincoln Avenues, Walnut Hills. The residence on the property was fitted up as a temporary academy and class was begun in it on October 1, with Fr. William A. Mitchell, S. J., in charge. Classes were continued here until December 1911.

It was soon realized, however, that the location and size of the property were not suited to any extensive expansion of the college. Shortly after his installation as President, in July 1911, Rev. Francis Heiermann, S. J., the present Rector of the college, closed a deal for the purchase of the Avondale Athletic Club property in Avondale. The price paid was \$85,000. On October 5 of this same year, a new department of St. Xavier, the College of Commerce, Accounting and Finance, was opened with a large attendance. In the meantime the club house at Avondale was being remodeled, and on January 5, 1912, the branch academy was transferred from Walnut Hills to its new home. It is on this beautiful tract of twenty-six acres that every loyal alumnus hopes soon to see arise a statelier, nobler and a greater St. Xavier, to perpetuate in a manner befitting the city and the college, the magnificent work of the humbler Athenaeum and the old St. Xavier "*religioni et artibus sacrum*."

ALUMNUS.

A Christmas Legend.



HE whistle blew for the hour of closing. The creak of the shuttle and the purr of the bobbin ceased. A thousand half-shattered wrecks of humanity bundled themselves together and silently filed down the long narrow aisles to the door that opened out on the cold night. Wearily they left the mill for their homes. As one by one they passed through the main entrance their eyes rested momentarily on a huge sign. They knew beforehand the message it told.

NOTICE!
THIS SHOP WILL RUN FULL TIME
XMAS DAY.

And this was Christmas eve. Human eyes could hardly have beheld a more sordid aspect than that presented by those who read this sign. Here was a woman with the pallor of want on her countenance, and with naught but scanty and frayed garments to protect her from the cold; there was a child, old in work but young in years, deprived of her birth right, her right to blossom into healthful beauty. Frail, round-shouldered, weary, she dragged herself to her dingy home. In this cold grey stone building worked a thousand other souls like these. In all that multitude this Christmas eve, not a smile, not a cheerful look, not a "Merry Christmas" was exchanged. And why? There was no merry Christmas for them. No chimes were to peal forth for them the joyous tidings of the Nativity; no Santa Claus was to visit their children with sweet-meats and toys; no cheerful greeting was to help lighten the cares of their aching hearts. No, Christmas meant nothing for the inhabitants of Worthton, owned body and soul by Braxson Worth, the owner of the Worthton Mills.

Years ago Worthton was a pleasant, prosperous hamlet, fortunate in being just far enough from the nearest big city to retain its own delightful rural appearance and still sufficiently close to enjoy the commercial advantages of urban business.

But death had caused a change of masters. The cruel hand of a tyrant took hold of the mill's machinery and harder and

harder it ground down its workers. With the decline of their liberty and the oppression of the Worthton masters came also the downfall of the beautiful city. The women left the hearths to fill the family larder. Soon the children joined the throng of workers, and house and garden, street and park were left to take care of themselves.

There was one spot, however, beyond the mills, on the outskirts of the village, where want and suffering were unknown. The Vista, the palatial domicile of the Worths was a veritable mansion. The great things planned for the entertainment of society sounded like fairy tales to the over-worked inhabitants. There luxury reigned unrestrained. This particular Christmas was to surpass anything ever attempted at the mansion. No expense was spared to make it the finest of week-end festivities. Opera singers had been engaged for weeks in rehearsing the Christmas carols to be sung on this occasion. A corps of carpenters and decorators were busy festooning the halls with holly, ivy and mistletoe. A chef was imported from Paris to display the latest in the culinary art. Gifts of all kinds were piled up in the store-rooms for the guests,—gifts ranging from dolls for the little children to pearl necklaces for the debutantes.

The finishing touches to the decorations were completed. A special train carried the Worths and their guests from the city to the scene of the festivities. Footmen in gold and blue swung open the massive mahogany doors, and two by two the party ascended the marble steps. As the joyous procession entered the brilliantly illuminated hall, the choristers began and the spacious recesses of the house re-echoed to the gladsome notes of "Noel, Noel." This was the signal to begin the merry-making. From that moment joy was king. The young danced merrily on the mirrored floor, lit with a thousand electric bulbs. The old partook of the pleasure in a quieter fashion, but one and all surrendered themselves completely to the reigning master and drank deeply of the plenteous festive gladness.

* * * * *

It had been a busy day for Braxson Worth. Shortly after mid-night while the party was at the height of its enjoyment he slipped away to his library to snatch a minute of repose and quiet. Under the gentle influence of the crackling hearth and of his luxurious arm-chair he soon fell into a light slumber. Brax-

son Worth's mind was a busy one; no wonder then that his sleep was always fraught with dreams. More than once of recent years had he bounded from his bed, bathed in a cold perspiration of fear. In his calmer judgments of wide-awake moods he scorned the misgivings prompted by his dreams, and proceeded unswervingly in his heartless methods. It was no ordinary spirit, however, that took possession of his mind tonight. Relentlessly it bound his hands and feet; relentlessly it dragged him from his comfortable chair; relentlessly it thrust him out into the cold night air; relentlessly and noiselessly it hurried him along, his progress measured only by the stops they made to view the Christmas merry-makings. At one house the strains of "Adeste Fideles" sounded on his ears like the voices of angels. In the great cathedral of St. John, mid-night Mass was being celebrated and the throngs of worshippers were offering up their prayers of thanksgiving. In another house the children were dancing around a many-lighted, gift-laden tree. And in still another a little child was hymning the quaint old song, he himself had sung as a child:

"A jolly old fellow whose hair is white,
And whose pretty bright eyes are so blue,—
He comes down the chimney on Christmas night,
Perhaps he will call upon you.
He brings a bag full of sweetmeats and toys,
And he leaves them wherever he goes,
For the good little girls and the good little boys,—
So hang up your pretty white hose."

Gradually the two retraced their steps towards Worthton. Braxson sensed the prospect and it palled on him; but the spirit was relentless still. As they passed house after house the visions of misery intensified, and Braxson sickened at the sights. He pleaded with his captor to relent. He would mend his ways; he would undo his wrongs; he would devote his wealth to make amends. But all to no avail. It was too late. Even as he pleaded the vista seemed to widen. In some vague sort of way his view extended into the future. As it advanced there seemed to be a strange, confused commingling of happiness and misery. The views changed with lightning-like rapidity, but as one after another faded away they left the unmistakable impression that the fortunate and the unfortunate were changing places, and as they advanced his own person became more and more clearly enveloped in misery and wretchedness.

The clock struck one. To him it sounded like the stroke of doom. He awoke with a start and sat dazed. 'Twas a dream he thought, though a welt of red was around his wrists and his feet were cold and numb. He could not banish that last picture of suffering; it almost drove him mad. Frantic with the thought of the terrible possibilities it presented, without hat or coat he rushed headlong through the halls, out into the cold. The guests were panic-stricken at the spectacle, and the scene of joy and gladness was of a sudden transformed into one of fear and dread. One by one they excused themselves and departed. The gaily decked halls were deserted. Only the mistress of the house and the servants remained, and they in a state of morbid dread.

Whither his steps lead him in his sudden flight, Braxson Worth knew not. It was as if by instinct that he stopped, panting for breath before his office doors. He stepped inside to calm himself. After the first shock wore off, he gradually collected his thoughts. It was there surrounded by all the signs of his power, there within the walls that had made his wealth, that the meaning of it all forced itself upon him. How worthless were the silent machines without the human beings that made them live, and how had he not labored to crush all that was human out of these same human beings.

* * * * *

There was an unwonted buoyancy in his spirit, a strange determination in his heart as he turned his steps homeward. The darkness and silence of his house, the terror-stricken countenances of his wife and servants offered no obstacle to his plans. Quietly he gave his orders; and quietly they were carried out. The great tree was quickly stripped of its decorations and carried to the office of the mills. There it was decorated anew with such grandeur as haste and inexperience would permit. Then the heaps of presents, intended for the wealthy guests, were removed to the mill and the company's store was made to contribute its stock of food and clothing.

The morning broke with glory. As the bells were tolling the hour of six, streams of lean and haggard workers began to wind along to the gloomy mills. To their great surprise all was strangely silent; the huge smoke-stacks were idle; not a wheel had commenced to turn. A notice conspicuously posted read:

ALL EMPLOYEES WILL REPORT
AT THE OFFICE
BEFORE BEGINNING WORK.

After as many as were able had crowded into the sacred precincts of the Worthton offices, the sliding doors that divided the room marked "Private" from the rest of the office, were thrown open. To the astonishment of the assembled workers a huge tree handsomely decorated and brilliantly lighted greeted their eyes, in place of the cruel visage of Braxson Worth. Above the tree was a sign:

A MERRY CHRISTMAS!
WORTHTON WELCOMES YOU.

When the excitement had subsided Braxson Worth appeared with a changed expression on his countenance. His words were few; but they rang with a sincerity that overshadowed all the bitterness to which his lips had ever given utterance. The heaps of presents piled before each machine, before each bench, before each desk or work-table told not only of the ravages made on the company's store but of the transformation that had come over the heart of Braxson Worth. It was Worthton's first Christmas in many years; but now, the story goes, Christmas is nowhere better enjoyed than in Worthton.

ARTHUR J. NIEMAN, '19.

Peaceful the Night.



PEACEFUL and calm that holy night;
Peaceful the stars gave forth their light;
And calm and still that blessed morn,
When Christ the Prince of Peace was born.

A song of peace the angels sang,
With peaceful joy their voices rang;
And o'er the sleeping world, Dawn drew
The kindest day it ever knew.

HAROLD A THORBURN, '19.

The Canadian Industrial Disputes Law.

(Awarded the St. Xavier Alumni Medal in the Annual
Oratorical Contest.)



URING the last twenty years the growth of the great industrial unrest has advanced with tremendous strides. The breach between capital and labor where co-operation and mutual understanding are so necessary is ever widening. The pernicious doctrines of Socialism, "I. W. W.-ism," Anarchism, and various other dangerous "isms" are finding thousands of disciples in the ranks of the laboring class. Many other signs point to the growing discontent of labor. Now we naturally ask ourselves, what is the cause of it all? Experts are almost unanimous in agreeing that the fundamental and real cause of the growing unrest of labor is industrial disputes and the method of settling them, mainly strikes and lockouts. Now to do away with the possibility of industrial disputes over hours and wages is obviously impossible. Therefore the problem is narrowed down to eliminating or, at least, minimizing the evil of the strike and lockout.

Various remedies have been suggested. Among them we have compulsory arbitration. But this form of arbitration, where both sides must abide by the decision of the board, whether just or unjust, is too great a curtailment of private rights. It is impracticable and unjust to both employer and employee; the only place it has ever been tried being in some small South Sea island. Voluntary arbitration, very desirable in itself, has been tried but has failed absolutely, as evidenced by the great number of strikes and lockouts in the last few years. Various other remedies have been brought forward but all equally inadequate and impracticable.

But at the present time leading economists, capital and labor throughout the country are discussing the method by which Canada solved her strike problem so successfully in regard to public utilities; namely, the Canadian Industrial Disputes Law, which is at present being discussed in the present session of Congress as a solution to the strike and lockout problem, and which is deemed by many the leading feature of President Wilson's message to Congress. This law provides that before employees can strike or employers lock out, the party contemplating

action, must give the government thirty days notice of their intention. When such notice has been filed, an arbitration board is formed composed of a representative of both sides and a neutral chairman to be selected by the two representatives, if possible, if not, by the minister of labor. Then for at least thirty days the three who comprise the board thoroughly investigate, and collate facts concerning the dispute. This board has almost all the powers of an ordinary court of record. After a thorough investigation and consideration of the facts and circumstances of both sides the board renders a decision. If this decision is rejected by either of the parties to the dispute, a full report of the board setting forth the facts and merits of the contentions of both sides is published in the newspapers, thus giving the public, who are vitally concerned in great labor disputes involving public utilities, a complete insight into the facts of the case. Then, after the investigation and publication of the report, the disputing parties are free to do as they please, but until the report has been made public work must continue without interruption. The law at present applies only to public utilities. The good qualities of this masterpiece of legislation are obvious. But we may get a better knowledge of the excellent features of this law if we briefly consider the necessity of its adoption, practicability and expediency in the United States.

I scarcely think it necessary to tell why such an excellent remedy for those monster evils, the strike and lockout, should be adopted in the United States. You all know of the great number of strikes and lockouts that have occurred in the last few years in public utilities. The long and bloody labor war in the Colorado mines, the great Michigan copper strike, the terrible coal mine strikes in West Virginia and Ohio, the great Pullman car strike, the narrowly and perhaps temporarily averted nationwide railway strike, the numerous street car strikes in Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, New York and in many other large cities, especially our own in Cincinnati; the milk and ice strikes all over the country, again especially our own in Cincinnati, are no doubt still fresh in your memories. And when you consider the fact that these strikes cause hard times, and great inconvenience and suffering to an innocent public, and make relations between capital and labor more bitter, facilitate the spread of socialism and anarchism, and injure employer by stoppage of production and employee by loss of wages, and that they tend to break down

respect for law and order, often resulting in riots which cause loss of life and property, you must admit that there certainly is a vital necessity for some law that would prevent or reduce public utility strikes and lockouts to a minimum.

All existing state and national arbitration laws are inadequate in that the disputing parties are not compelled to investigate or make an attempt to arbitrate or to publish the merits of their contentions before locking out or striking. Under existing laws either party, confident of its strength to outlast the other in a struggle, can say there is nothing to arbitrate or investigate, and proceed to lock out or strike. This possibility was most aptly illustrated in the threatened railway strike last September. In that case, since there was no previous investigation, it is difficult to determine whether the Adamson eight-hour law was just or unjust; but doesn't it seem that it would have been far better for all concerned if the railroad brotherhoods and officials, instead of mistrusting and defying each other, had, with the aid of a neutral party, been compelled to jointly investigate the facts and at least attempt to arbitrate their differences? Now the Canadian law provides for just such emergencies as the threatened railway strike. It reads, that before a public utility strike or lockout can occur, thorough investigation of the facts must be made and published. Now since we have seen that there is a necessity for a law that will eliminate or minimize the strike evil, and since present laws are inadequate, it follows that a law, such as the "Canadian Industrial Disputes Law," should be adopted in the United States.

But would this law be practical in the United States? Now the Canadian law, in a word, reads that, instead of instantly going ahead with a strike or lockout, the parties must first investigate and attempt to arbitrate. The investigation before the strike is compulsory, but the acceptance of the decision is not compulsory, thus eliminating the possibility of injustice to employer or workman. The law applies only to public utilities, such as railroads, mines, waterworks, street railways, telegraph and telephone, gas and electric plants and various other public utilities. Now surely no man can say this is an unjust, complex or impracticable law.

This law has been in successful operation for the last nine years, not in some obscure country or island, but in Canada, a country more like the United States than any nation in the

world. The very fact that the law has been such a tremendous success for nine years in a country where industrial conditions are so similar to our own is a proof per se that the law would be practicable in the United States. But let us briefly sum up some of the results of this law in Canada. Before the law was made, street railway strikes were of common occurrence, but since the enactment of this law there has been but one street car strike in Canada, and that one lasting only a few days, being settled practically on the basis of the finding made by the board. True, there were disputes, but all were settled by means of this famous law without the loss of a single dollar in wages to employee or in profit to employer or shareholder or an hour's inconvenience to any member of those cities. An equally fine record was made in regard to the steam railways. In the telegraph and telephone systems there have been disputes, but every dispute was settled by means of this law. The same wonderful success of the law is true in the case of all public utilities. Canada, since the enactment of this law, has been practically immune from strikes. Surely, with such overwhelming proof of the success of this law in practice, the "Canadian Industrial Disputes Law" cannot be said to be impracticable.

But would the law be an expedient one in the United States? One of the chief causes for strikes and lockouts is the great difficulty of bringing the disputing parties together for joint investigation and arbitration before the strike, before they become so embittered against each other, before an innocent public suffers. At present it is, after the strike, after the public, the employer and workman have suffered in various ways, that investigation and some form of settlement takes place. But now, under this Canadian law, the investigation and arbitration comes before the strike or lockout, and before the public is made a victim of the mutual distrust of the disputing parties.

Often strikes and lockouts in public utilities occur and continue without the least attempt at investigation or settlement. I mean a case where one side is merely matching its endurance and power against the other over some trifling issue which might easily be arbitrated. Now such an occurrence, as you are well aware, has frequently happened even when it meant extreme suffering, privation, riots and even death to an innocent public. Now, for a civilized government not to take measures to prevent such an outrage, such a wanton violation of public rights, is a

crime. But how, you may ask, can this Canadian law prevent such proceedings? It would tend to bridle the abuses and excesses of labor organizations and bring out their useful qualities, and check the greed of capital by compelling a full investigation and publication of the facts of the controversy. With the public in full possession of this knowledge, the party in the wrong would not dare to defy the American public by even attempting, not to speak of prolonging a public utility strike or lockout. Another important feature of this law is, that the publication of the facts of the case would, to a large extent, insure industrial justice to those who are not able to conduct a successful strike, and to the employer who cannot combat the excessive demands of powerful labor organizations.

As a general rule, men do not want to strike. They strike because it is the only weapon they have for obtaining industrial justice. But the Canadian law gives the workman the opportunity of having a full inquiry into their grievance made by a tribunal which is, in part, of his own choosing and of laying the justice of his case before the public. All this without the loss of a single dollar in wages. This opportunity is also given the employer. Now, while the strike and lockout remain as a last resort, is there not the strongest reason why this Canadian law, which is better for all concerned, should not be tried before the strike or lockout is employed? Surely, on considering the crying industrial evils of the strike and lockout, the expediency for such a necessary and practicable remedy for these evils as the Canadian Industrial Disputes Law cannot be questioned.

In conclusion, we must remember that merely the fear of a strike hampers progress in business. We must also bear in mind that, as a matter of fact, strikes, whether their duration be long or short, always terminate in some form of arbitration and investigation, and therefore it is certainly reasonable and just to adopt this Canadian law, which compells investigation and arbitration. But, above all, we must not lose sight of the fact that the public not only wants but has a right in justice to have investigation and arbitration of public utilities disputes before a strike or lockout occurs. I admit that there is such a thing as a private right. But when a private right is used to prolong public utility strikes and lockouts, with all their attendant evils, without the least attempt at settlement, it becomes a public wrong when such a right jeopardizes the rights of an innocent public;

when it is opposed to the common good it ceases to be a private right and becomes a violation of public rights and an evil that must be remedied by government legislation.

As a final word, this Canadian Industrial Disputes Law in the last seven years has prevented one hundred and forty-three public utility strikes. Now, when you remember that the public utilities are the arteries upon which the life and progress of all other industries depend, some possible appreciation may be had of the invaluable service which this law has rendered to Canada, and which it is certainly reasonable to suppose it would render to the United States, if our legislators at Washington will consider the recommendation of President Wilson and place this great remedy for labor troubles on the statute books of the United States.

RAYMOND J. McCOY, '17.

Christmas?



CHRISTMAS!" shouts the urchin,

His nose at the toy-shop's pane;

"Christmas!" smiles the shopman,

From pleasant dreams of gain;

"Christmas!" sighs a mother

With a glance at the empty stocks;

"Christmas?" grunts the cynic;

Is't his face or his heart that mocks?

So, bent to his own narrow circle

Each forgets Who named the day,

Forgets Who came from heaven,

Mid the kind star's roseate ray.

JOSEPH WELPLY, '18.

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Vol. V.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, CHRISTMAS, 1916.

No. 2.

OUR FIRST CHRISTMAS GREETING.

In this the first Christmas number of the Athenaeum we are happy to have the opportunity to wish all our subscribers, advertisers and contributors a generous participation in the peace promised "to men of good will."

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS.

With the coming of each Christmas season we hear again and again of that wonderful spirit called the spirit of Christmas. There was a time when people believed in the Christmas spirit, but in these days the message and the very existence of the Yuletide spirit seems to exert a diminishing influence upon human kind. We may even be asked what this spirit is, of which we speak.

It finds a grand expression in that grand old hymn which has come down to us from an age of faith, "Adeste Fideles." "Venite adoremus Dominum" is the burden of the refrain—"Come ye, let us adore the Lord." Let US adore Him. You and I are "us," and you are—everyone. It was this message of true, universal charity that was flashed from Heaven to earth in that greeting of "peace to men of good will." But charity on this sad old earth seems only a spectre amid the din and smoke of battlefields and the death-cries of slaughtered multitudes.

If peace is ever again to reign among men, the spirit of Christmas must come once more into its own, when men to men and nation to nation shall say, "Venite adoremus Dominum," "Come ye, let US adore the Lord."

THE MISSIONS.

The cheerfulness of missionaries is proverbial. After all, why should not a missionary be cheerful? The cause of much of our worry is the goods of this world which we possess, and the missionary as a rule possesses none. Ergo. And so it is that the Christmas numbers of mission magazines almost without exception gave us the cheeriest greetings of all that we received.

And yet, the condition of Catholic missions abroad is the most pitiable in history. Europe, bleeding, impoverished, and starving, can do little to help its sons and daughters laboring for the cause of Christ in the missions, and America is called upon to give somewhat more than its usual share for the support of this noblest and dearest of the causes of Christ.

But America is not responding to the appeal that is rising from the frontiers of Christendom. Ten million dollars, we are told, will just about meet the expenses of Catholic foreign missions during the coming year, and three-quarters of one million is all that American Catholics have to spare!

Viewed from the heights of God, the contrast must be sad indeed. How many hundreds of thousands are spent on useless things and mighty edifices doomed to decay or "appropriation" by godless men, while thousands of Christians are starving in soul and body through the forgetfulness of those who are blessed with much.

It is about time for us to wake up to our duties. Our Protestant brethren realized long ago that missions cannot be conducted without money, and they seem to know how money can be gotten for that purpose. Perhaps we ought to ask them how they manage it and then follow their example. We must do something, and the time to do it is now!

INK.

There is an old jingle about the number of people who can be made to think by the proper use of a drop of printer's ink. Nobody has ever figured exactly whether the number is a thousand or a million, but most people know that the possibilities

hidden in a daub of ink are tremendous. There have been times when single-page pamphlets, passed from door to door, moved whole communities to action. In our days, when ink is measured by the ton rather than by drops, it is certainly no exaggeration to say that public opinion on matters ranging in importance from that of a new chimney on the country schoolhouse to the election of a President is determined largely through the clever use of a little printing ink.

The forces of evil are always quick to make use of an effective means to their wicked purposes, and they certainly have gained influence through the use of type and printer's ink. It is rather a strange fact that the forces of good are unable to use the press as effectively as the forces of evil, but of course the press can be made to do little effective good without readers.

The suggestion of our worthy Sodalists, therefore, that the best Christmas gift is a subscription to a Catholic periodical, is quite timely and exceedingly practical.

SANTA CLAUS.

The question was asked in a recent issue of "America," if the time has not arrived when that genial character known as Santa Claus should make his final bow upon the stage of life. "America" answers yes.

We prefer to be neutral on the question. However, we believe that many children do not learn the real meaning of Christmas early enough in life, and it certainly is true that the story of Christ is infinitely more beautiful than all the tales of Santa Claus together. We have a suspicion, too, that a good many children are not so slow in finding out "who Santa Claus wuz," as the Hoosier Poet would have us believe.

Eugene Fields has a way of telling the Christmas story that appeals to us: "Last night, again, there shined a star over Bethlehem, and the angels descended from the sky to earth, and the stars sang together in glory. And the bells,—hear them, little Dear-my-Soul, how sweetly they are ringing,—bear us good tidings of great joy this Christmas morning, that our Christ is born and that with Him He bringeth peace on earth and good will toward men."

All things considered, we believe that little Dear-my-Soul's Christmas must have been the happier for that story of the Christ-child.



CHRONICLE

St. Xavier Day. Monday, December 4, the feast of St. Francis Xavier, was celebrated with a Solemn High Mass at which the students of the college and the Xavier Academy attended. Rev. Francis Reardon, of the class of 1905, assistant pastor of St. Edward Church, was celebrant; Rev. John McCormick, S. J., deacon; and Mr. James Hannan, S. J., sub-deacon. The panegyric of the saint was preached by Rev. William Bundschuh, S. J.

Oratorical Contest. The annual oratorical contest for the alumni medal was held in Memorial Hall, Wednesday, December 13. Raymond J. McCoy, with his oration on "The Canadian Industrial Disputes Law," was awarded the gold medal. The other contestants were Earl F. Westerfield, "The Adamson Eight-Hour Law—A Modern Fiction"; F. Gordon Gutting, "Let Us Have Peace"; Francis R. Mielich, "Compensation for Industrial Accidents"; Arthur W. Farrell, "The Recent Irish Rebellion"; Joseph G. O'Meara, "Child Labor"; Thomas A. Gallagher, "What Next For Erin." Musical selections and Glee Club numbers, under the direction of Mr. J. Alfred Schehl, enhanced the pleasure of the evening.

College Spirit. There seems to be a great revival of college spirit this year as evidenced by the great football team, the attendance at the games, and the remarkable enthusiasm and activity in the various college societies. A "pep" meeting was held recently in Memorial Hall and the enthusiasm of the large number of students present gave every indication that our college basketball team will receive the whole-hearted support of the entire student body. That the proposal to organize a "Rooters' Club" with membership determined by the purchase of a season ticket for the basketball season met with hearty approval, was shown when more than two hundred signed up for membership the very next day.

Sophomore-Freshman Game. The history of a year ago repeated itself when the annual Sophomore-Freshman football game had to be postponed on account of rain. History, however, was improved upon when it was found impossible to play even on the second day chosen. Finally the rival warriors met, and even then on a muddy field, on November 29, at the Avondale Campus. The slippery condition of the field interfered with scoring on both sides. Sophomore began early and after a series of end-runs Kattus went over for a touch-down. He then kicked goal. In the second quarter Kattus again scored and Frey kicked goal. Freshman failed to score at all, though for a while in the fourth quarter they threatened to cross the Sophomore goal. An injury to their captain, Rieckelman, at a critical moment, ended

their chances. The Freshies relied chiefly on line plunges and end-runs, while the Sophomores succeeded in working a number of forward passes. Manley, McCarthy, Rieckelman, Byrne and Goodenough featured for Freshman, while Kattus, Frey and Luttmer did the best work for Sophomore. Both teams were well satisfied with the efficient officiating of Referee Hogan and Umpire Breiding.

The Banquet. Within the banquet hall of Hotel Sinton, however, there was not the least sign of rain and the banquet came off as scheduled on Thursday evening, November 23. There is no mistake in saying that it was the most pretentious and representative affair of this kind ever carried on by the students of St. Xavier College. If any alumnus can give us any information regarding a similar class gathering that enjoyed a larger attendance or was better managed down to the very minutest detail, we will gladly welcome the knowledge. The combined membership of these two classes is probably the largest ever enrolled in Sophomore and Freshman at St. Xavier, and the members of the classes were present almost to a man. The menu was such as only the famous chef of the Sinton can serve; the spirit elicited unstinted words of praise and congratulation from all the members of the faculty present; and the speakers, as if magnetized by the eloquent toastmaster, Stanley McDevitt, outdid one another in appeals to loyalty to one another and to Alma Mater. It was indeed a most happy and enjoyable affair. Besides the members of the two classes, Mr. Albert Steinkamp, the representative of the Seniors, and the following members of the faculty were present, Father Cain and Father Reiner and Messrs. Donnelly, Willmering and Fisher.

SOCIETIES.

Philopedian Society. The debates in Philopedian, this year, are setting a new standard for excellence in composition and especially in delivery. The cause may be ascribed to the early announcement that the annual public debate would be held the first week in March, two months sooner than the accustomed date, thus putting the date for the election of the contestants in the very near future. The general subject for the public debate is: Compulsory Arbitration for Public Utility Disputes.

Glee Club and Orchestra. The members of the Glee Club, under the supervision of Mr. William A. Connell, S. J., are busy adding more numbers to their repertory.

At the election of officers, Cletus Kunz was chosen President, Joseph Welpy, Secretary and Stanislaus Deasy, Librarian.

The Orchestra has grown in size. Weekly meetings are held with perceptible advancement. The result of the election of President of the Glee Club was duplicated when the Orchestra members chose Cletus Kunz for President. The Vice-President is Leo Oberschmidt, and Librarian, Joseph Trentman. Mr. J. Alfred Schehl is the musical director of both of these organizations.

Junior Literary Society. At the regular weekly debates of the Junior Literary Society several up-to-date questions have been discussed with great interest and clever work on the part of the debaters. In the debate on Woman Suffrage, the anti-Suffragettes, Messrs. Brady and Brearton, triumphed over Messrs. Monahan and Kiely, though Mr. Kiely was voted best speaker. Messrs. Volk and Bunker successfully upheld Inter-Collegiate Competitive Athletics against Messrs. Whalen and Roth; Mr. Volk was given the honors of best speaker. In the opinion of the judges, the arguments of Messrs. Riesenbergh and Broering against Compulsory Arbitration were stronger than those of Messrs. Oelker and Danahy in its defense, and Mr. Riesenbergh won the majority of votes for best speaker. In the absence of his partner, Mr. Roelker had to fight the cause of Prohibition alone. He was voted best speaker, but the arguments of the "Wets," Morrison and Latscha, carried the debate. "A Literacy Test for Immigrants" brought forth much more oratory than was anticipated. The affirmative side was upheld by Messrs. Volk and Riesenbergh, the negative by Messrs. Bockenstette and Roelker. The negative side won and Mr. Roelker was voted best speaker.

Junior Sodality. The annual solemn reception of the new members took place on the eve of the feast of the Immaculate Conception. Rev. Father Rector addressed the candidates. More than seventy new knights of our Lady were enrolled in the sodality and all members renewed their Act of Consecration.

CLASS NOTES.

Senior. The college football team, organizing late as it did, was hard put for a schedule, but the right man was put on the job, when "Tommy" Gallagher was appointed manager. Tommy got busy in a hurry and a very satisfactory schedule was the result.

Tommy is also our class president.

Things on the second corridor opposite the chapel have been getting along in great fashion and the Senior "Eight" are successfully living up to their name.

"Teddy" McCoy and "Tag" Gallagher sprung quite a surprise by qualifying for the finals in the oratorical contest.

If you happen to pass by the Senior class room and there seems to be quite a commotion within, don't worry about it; "General" Hogan is merely exploding bits of pantheistic philosophy.

Mr. "Jay" Paul Spaeth has won considerable renown as a poet as a result of his contributions to the Athenaeum.

Thrice this year have windows been broken by indoor baseballs; thrice have these windows been in the Senior class room; thrice have the Seniors been forced to sit in the cold. What's the idea? Try the Soph's windows occasionally.

The basketball team certainly has an aggressive manager in the person of J. Sarsfield Hogan.

On November 4, "Peck" Maloney reached the ripe old age of twenty-one. His classmates presented him with a very serviceable gift and there were quite a few good old shouts for John. *Ad multos annos.*

Now and then some member of the class will show a burst of wisdom, but then there will be a lapse, as is evidenced by the following:

Father McCormick was expounding the doctrine of the Sceptics and said: "But these philosophers say, 'We can say nothing certain about anything, for we do not know anything for certain.' Now how do you get around the difficulty?"

Gallagher, thinking hard, or perhaps, hardly thinking, responded: "Well, I guess we have to take their word for it."

ALBERT J. STEINKAMP, '17.

Sophomore. At the first meeting of the class, Mr. Reardon, presiding, Will Luttmer, "The Cupid of Campion," was elected to the exalted office of president. Leonard Breiding was elected to the "doleful" (?) task of tax-gatherer. Commenting on the job, Len says our bills are as a rule like the Cincinnati weather, unsettled. John Frey, after his strenuous efforts last year as treasurer, was named for the "jobless" job of secretary. Take our advice, John, go easy on the paper; there is a shortage.

Joe McCarthy was awarded the prize for the best short story in the recent contest. A reward has been offered for information as to the pawn-shop at which he discovered the "Midas Touch," pawned for bread by the late king. The pioneer at this business of capturing cash prizes, Gordon Gutting, won second money.

No one will deny that much of the fine spirit prevailing at the Sophomore-Freshman banquet was due to the admirable manner in which Stanley McDevitt acquitted himself as toastmaster.

Sophomore got the lion's share of the eligibles for the oratorical medal. Messrs. Farrell, Gutting, Mielech and Westerfield represented the class in the finals.

If the opinions of the class on the new desks were solicited, undoubtedly the universal verdict would be that the American Seating Company ought to go into business making straight jackets.

Our hour of liberation is approaching,—the submarine "Greek" will soon be interned for life.

Is this all right?

Professor: "Philip, if Macedon had one eye put out by an arrow; I think it was the right."

Rolfes: "Makes no difference; there was one left."

No doubt, if it was the left it would have been all right.

Notable events: Our motto,—*"Safety First."*

It is alleged that the "Gold Dust Twins," Oberschmidt and Poetker, are on the verge of severing diplomatic relations.

It is rumored that Kattus is a staunch supporter of Catholic Educators. Notice the assiduity with which he picks out articles defending them. We are wondering at his interest.

GEORGE E. KEARNS, '18.

Freshman. During the past few months unprecedented activity and interest have characterized the activities of the Freshman class. At the election of officers, James Poland was elected President, John Hardig, Vice-President, Raymond Backhus, Secretary and Ray Manley, Treasurer. These officers were also appointed a special executive committee. Various committees have been chosen by this board to represent the class and to keep it posted on the proceedings of the different societies and organizations of the college.

The strenuous opposition put up by our team in the Freshman-Sophomore football game was aided considerably by the efforts of our cheer-leader, Cecil Chamberlain.

There may be something in this; you Freshies of next year might try it:

The following remarks were exchanged the morning after the Freshman-Sophomore game:

E. Z.: "I tell you J., I couldn't help it; they got on to our signals."

A. J.: "Aw, why didn't you call them off in logarithms."

Even the gods weep to see brave men fall. Shortly after the "Kaiser" scored his touchdown, Jupiter Pluvius began to shed wet, rainy tears.

The large attendance of Freshmen at the game gave conclusive evidence that they have not been taking public speaking all year for nothing.

At a recent review of the Chemistry laboratory notebooks, the following was discovered: "I first took a one 'whole' cork." Query: How many holes in one whole cork?

The class colors are purple and white. No wonder purple ties have become so popular.

The class slogan is "*Meliora Sequamur*," and not "*Faciliora*" as a certain individual suggested.

We are all glad to have Joseph O'Meara back in our midst after his serious illness. Several of his solicitous friends warned him to go light on the Virgil, as the vivid descriptions we have been passing through in the sixth book are liable to affect anyone with nervous prostration.

ELMER J. TRAME, '19.

THE HIGH SCHOOL.

Fourth Year. With pleasure we resumed our studies on September 4, after the summer's rest. It did not take long for the two former third years to be united and constitute on real live class.

Cicero's outline of the qualities needed in a competent executive, "virtus, auctoritas, etc.," came in handy for our election of class officers. After mature deliberation we settled on Edward Roelker as the logical man for president.

The college football team was a great success, but what would it have been without its fourth year representatives. "Demon" Monahan, "Lightning" Brady, "Atta Boy" Kiely, "Terrible Tish" McGarry, Jim Twomey and "Bob" Bowman were our heroes on the squad.

At the recent mass-meeting, Tommy Gallagher urged the students to bottle a little "pep" for timely uncorking during the basketball season.

Too late for Fourth Year, Tommy. We manufactured, bottled and unloaded whole cases of it during the football season. And our supply is expected to last a while.

As proof of the above, take the following: Fourth Year had the largest attendance at the Wilmington game. For this each member of the class received a free ticket for the K. M. I. game. Here we duplicated the prize winning stunt, by turning in more cash for tickets sold than any other three classes put together, and this, though handicapped by our personal passes.

Note this also: Fourth Year was the only class to have a representative at the game at Wilmington, Ohio. His expenses were paid by the class.

The effects of the employments engaged in during the summer were a long time in wearing off in some cases. One soda fountain artist used, for several mornings, after hanging up his hat, to look around in vain for the counter. Another illustrious gentleman used to sport a new collar daily as a result of his important position as travelling salesman (mostly to the postoffice and back) for Cluett, Peabody & Co. Force of habit was a dead give-away for another of our "future great," who spent his summer at the Business Men's Club. For several mornings he walked into the class room with his books on the palm of his hand and raised high in the air. Is it possible that he thought it was a tray?

"Balmy Bennie" Maggini is expected to have a new supply of novelties after the Christmas holidays. He has written a long letter to Santa Claus.

"Whitey" Roelker asked Tom Brady why he didn't write up his debate for a recent meeting of the Junior Literary, and Tom answered that his knee bothered him all week.

Heard in Physics class:

Latscha: "Say, what's a half of 'pi'."

Roelker, our lunch room artist, always on the job: "Why, two 'jits,' of course."

Of course Greek cannot be left out. A discussion was going on about the mutes. Two classes had been accounted for and several were unable to name the third. After a long silence, some one suggested, "Maybe they're deaf mutes."

Things you may not know:

No, Morrison isn't crying; that's the way he talks.

Roth can see through his shell-rim glasses; don't lead him.

Maggini is taking lessons on the "Xenophone."

Phil Guiney put sugar on his shoes and coaxed his trousers down.

A Miracle! Fourth Year has proved that '20 is indivisible. (Deep stuff!)

"Mike" Brearton went fishing recently in Edwin Boeh and pulled a Whalen.

Queries:

If all the nuts were on the trees, how many of us would be here?

(N. B. This is a rhetorical question.)

Was Eugene Eck-erle this morning?

If I needed special help in Latin, would our professor send Jim Twomey?

If a beard is a mustache on the chin, and a mustache is a beard on the upper lip, what would you call the eyebrow that John E. exhibits on his upper lip. Perhaps he is paying off an election bet or is trying to be a real "Rah Rah" boy.

Extra: John Danahy has been appointed Manager of the High School basketball team. We feel that the success of the team is assured.

LATSCHA, BUNKER & CO.

Third Year. Owing to circumstances, we, the third years, divisions A and B, have combined. Karl Schmitz was elected president of the class, and George Saffin, treasurer.

Because of James Bradley's winning ways we have given him the appellation "Penrod."

Much to the chagrin of other classes, we captured the prize for the largest number of members in the Athletic Association and subscribers to the Athenaeum.

Under Mr. Fisher's direction several interesting and instructive debates have been held. Mr. Broering says that every time he attends, he is reminded of a sword duel; there are good points on either side.

The other day Kurre's father thought his son Harry would make an ideal clerk for his grocery store. Harry accordingly took his place behind the counter. The first customer was an old lady who took a head of cabbage and asked him if it was a dime. "No," promptly replied Harry, "that's a head of cabbage."

A. Leary: "Say, Burns, did you hear about that baker, electrocuted yesterday at French-Bauer's?"

J. Burns: "No, how did it happen?"

A. Leary: "He sat on a fruit cake."

But Burns did not understand, and asked: "How could sitting on a fruit cake electrocute anybody?"

A. Leary: "Why it had currants in it."

In the lunch room the other day John Stauder asked Jimmie Maloney if he had frog legs. "No," replied Jimmie, "it's rheumatism."

Side remarks:

If flowers grow, will Walter Blum?

If Burns is funny, can he "Kid" McCoy?

JOSEPH SCHUMACHER.

Second Year A. The class paper, called the "Rambler," is rich in stories, letters, jokes, limericks and cartoons. Second A seems to be the only division possessing a class paper. Dame Rumor has it that there is a rival in Fourth Year, the "Glaux." If so, it is true to its name. At least, it does not appear in open day-light.

Almost all the pupils of Second A are enrolled in the "Rooters' Club," for the support of the college basketball team.

The class secretary, A. Stone, forwarded a list of the names of the class to the St. Nicholas Magazine in New York, and now we are members of the St. Nicholas League and entitled to contest for its prizes.

Edward Overberg wants to know who baked the "pi" in the Greek alphabet. He would also like to find the fellow who sees the "cents" in accents.

Tibertius Maloney is the class president, and Irving Hart is to represent us in the Athletic Association.

In a debate on the question: Resolved, That the English colonists treated the Indians more harshly than the Spanish colonists, the affirmative, upheld by T. Maloney, A. Stone and R. Quinlan, defeated the negative, upheld by E. Overberg, L. Bushmann and W. O'Connell.

TIMEO DANAOS.

There was a young fellow named Slomer,
Who thought he had something on Homer.

He tackled the Greek,
But it wrecked his physique,

And he saw he had made a misnomer.

TIBERTIUS.

Second Year B. Albert Hoenemeyer was elected class president in September, and as the months go by, we see that we made no mistake in choosing our leader.

Brink thinks Gunning is getting to be "some" draftsman, since the latter got the "window job."

The day after Thanksgiving, Everett Hogan was inspired to write the following lines, though he apologizes for them to Longfellow:

The day is cold, and class is dreary,
Thanksgiving's gone, and I am weary.
My thoughts still cling to the dinner past,
When the turkey and pie fell thick in the blast.
Cheer up, sad heart, and don't be weary,
That day, at least, was bright and cheery.

Francis Cushing, our star indoor pitcher, was elected captain of the basketball team, winning by one vote over the quiet and studious Berny Becker. The team expects to down all opponents, as it did last year.

Peek into Second B class room some night, and see the famous "jug trio"—Becker, Gunning and Winstel—keeping Mr. Connell company.

Brand, the deep one, propounds this one:

If Second B's all-star team were to play in the rain, would Ambrose Groh?

Now Groh wants to know:

If Second B should give a picnic, would Edwin Cook?

(No, Cook hasn't any "come-back"; he says he is above such idle speculation.)

Willie Winstel says he doesn't have to depend on anybody's poetry for an example of alliteration. He was given one rather early in life, which he will never forget.

Maybe everybody doesn't see the basketball pennant we won last year, because Fortune has placed us in the last room on the third floor, but there are forty who every day recall how we worked to pin it there.

JOHN O'DAY.

First Year A. We hope that all will relish the fruit of our earnest endeavors in writing our class notes. If you cannot digest the aforementioned fruit, we'll pulverize it—or you. If you cannot see any humor in this, we'll make you see stars; for we're a hard lot: we eat Stone's cake, brick ice cream, and chew rock candy all day long.

Now to get over the grim, solemn part of our task.

The following have been elected officers: Mark Theissen, President; Lawrence Knollman, Secretary and Treasurer (Gee! Don't we wish we had his job!); Vic Moeller, Athletic Representative, and Robert Mohrhaus, Historian.

There are some things which we would miss very much (but there is no danger that we ever will miss them). However, if you ever notice that Vic Moeller skips an afternoon nap, Wentworth doesn't comb his "pomp" at least ten times an hour, Rutledge isn't smiling (out loud), or that Schuer thinks before he speaks, please notify our class president, and he will see to it that such offenses are not repeated.

Our unanswered questions:

If Schuer were lazy, could it be called sheer laziness?

Why were Gockel and Hartlaub half an hour late the day after Thanksgiving?

If Mussio should Mark Theissen, would Joe like the Lux of it?

If First A continues to grow, will we need some Mohrhaus?

First Year B. Some members of the class are figuring on reducing the cost of "high living" in the lunch room. The question is being discussed, "Should Jack Thorburn, would Martin Frey and Ambrose Cook?" If this arrangement could be carried out, it would make Martin Schoeck and Thomas Ball for joy. It would help matters, if Maloney would change his "M" to "B," and if Herricks would contribute some of his surplus beef. It is true we have a Finn, but that doesn't count much without the fish. But we're right in the swim nevertheless, when it comes to indoor. If the Reds of 1916 could have played ball like First Year B, they would have won the pennant.

Strawberry short-cake, huckleberry pie,

First B, First B, Victory!

Are we in it? Well, I guess!

First B, First B, I guess yes!

First B is leading in the Junior Indoor League with a two-game lead on First C, the only team that has administered us a defeat. We feel, however, they will meet their Waterloo in the next encounter. The batting of Shannon, the good work of Hart behind the bat, and the pitching of Nolan, supported by snappy fielding are expected to turn the trick.

Ralph Kramer is about the noisiest member of the class,—he says a word or two about every other day. If you get close and listen carefully, you can hear him yourself. Kramer and Peet, the forty-shots-a-minute man, ought to get together and strike a compromise.

In a composition on "Election Night," someone wrote "Yells and cries rent the air." Somebody asked if the atmospheric lease was expensive?

Foster asks, "How do you spell 'fire'?" When someone answered, "f-i-r-e"; the next question was, "How do you make it out?" After some debate, the victim is informed, "Water 'makes' fire out." And still Herricks maintains the whole thing is a dry joke.

Lavell, Wuellner, Becker, Frey, Herricks, Kramer, Farrell and Cook must plead guilty to perpetrating the above notes.

First Year C. Officers of the class: President, William McCarty; Secretary, Carl Fisher.

Our indoor team has fared well so far, winning the majority of its games and promising to make it "hot" for the other teams. Frank Fickert is captain.

Our basketball team expects to keep up the pace set by the indoor team. Leonard Von der Brink is captain.

Cross-country hikes have proved a very popular pastime for our class throughout the Fall months, and by Spring we expect to find more than one Dan O'Leary in our midst.

During the month of November and a large part of December, our classmate Harry Hack was absent, owing to serious illness.

Joseph Bien and Edward Schwind have been unanimously declared the Mutt and Jeff of First Year C.

We are all of the opinion that we will turn out at least one Scott or Dickens in the class. The bi-monthly book reviews have made such an event possible.

AVONDALE ACADEMY.

Basketball. Despite the fact that every class team could continue during the season, cold weather put a stop to all games owing to the absence of "that gym." Can anyone suggest a way of getting the gym? What a change it would bring about.

Several students of the Academy, Feck, Grause and Homan, are members of the High School squad representing the institution.

Bowling. The absence of the gym is to some extent atoned for by the good condition of the bowling alleys. Preliminary games are now being played to get the various class teams ready for the January tournament.

Library. Never was the library better patronized. The librarians are kept busy attending to the calls made for books, and, thanks to some kind friends, quite a number of new books have been added.

ALUMNI NOTES

Alumni Number. In the next issue of the Athenaeum, a new feature of the magazine will be begun. The March issue will be an "Alumni Number." All of the regular articles will be by Alumni. An historical sketch will set forth the achievement of the association up to the present time. A number of half-tone illustrations will adorn the issue. An alumni directory will also be given.

Don't miss the ALUMNI NUMBER.

1885.—**Robert C. Pugh** is at present Dean of the Day Department of the Cincinnati Law School.

1890.—**Hon. Otway J. Cosgrave** was a member of the conservancy court, sitting at Dayton, O., which lately decided in favor of flood prevention measures being enforced in the Miami Valley.

1893.—The College Library has recently received an interesting and enlightening brochure on "Episcopalian Continuity and Henry VIII," written by **Rev. J. A. McClorey, S. J.**

1900.—The citizens of Cincinnati need have no qualms of fear in regard to their health, while Assistant Health Officer **William H. Peters** is on the job.

1903.—From far-off Manila comes the news that **George T. Geringer** is making a great success of mining engineering in the Philippines.

1905.—**Rev. Francis E. Reardon**, Assistant Pastor of St. Edward Church, celebrated the Solemn High Mass on the feast of St. Francis Xavier.

Mr. John M. Wilke is located at Springfield, Ohio, where he is in the employ of the Ohio Traction Company.

No wonder so many new structures are being built in the Queen City! **Albert W. Leibold** is the hustling head of the Leibold-Gott ('03) Building Co.

1906.—Here's one bank that will not fail. The Cumminsville German Bank is secure while **Herbert J. Dorger** is filling the duties of Cashier.

All who are troubled with legal difficulties can consult **Wm. J. Creed**, who is practicing law with his brother **Oliver L. Creed** ('10).

1907.—The Fenwick Club can well rejoice in having such an energetic leader as **Rev. Chas. E. Baden**, who is rushing the construction of the club's new quarters on Pioneer Street.

Walter J. Connolly, who was with John Barrymore in "Justice," is now a co-star with Henry Miller and Ruth Chatterton, in a new play, making its first appearance in the East.

Frederic D. Lotter is drilling knowledge into the heads of "Young Cincinnati" in one of our finest public schools.

1908.—The great god "Business" has enticed **Lawrence Bloss** from the legal field, and he is now with the Johns-Manville Co.

Dr. Edward D. King is holding forth in an office in the Traction Building, treating all complaints of the head and throat.

1909.—Henry Ford has ceased worrying about his Cincinnati branch, since **Richard J. Dillon** entered the Lincoln Avenue plant of the famous peace advocate.

Alphonse J. Linneman is discharging the duties of Receiver in the City Water Works Department.

1910.—You can't keep a good man down. That's one reason why **Walter J. Dyer** is now President of the Consolidated Engineering and Construction Co.

Chicago is a "right sizable little village," but **Eugene Eicher** is covering it for the Baldwin Piano Co.

Being now a full-fledged M. D., **Dr. Edmund H. Niesen** is practising medicine in Cincinnati.

1911.—Ye Alumni capitalists should meet **Edmund Meiners**, who has opened a bond-selling agency with headquarters at Dayton.

Procter & Gamble's plant is working overtime to fill the orders garnered in by **Edwin G. Schmitt**, who is on the road for that concern.

Court House employment paled on **Francis H. McCabe**, so he has taken up the position of private secretary to the president of the White Star Laundry Co.

The National Hardware Co. lost a hustler when **Harry L. Robben** left that concern to assume the presidency of the Standard Apparatus Co., of this city.

J. Paul Geoghegan and **John C. Thompson** put up a good game for the Alumni in their annual clash with the College team.

1912.—Another Alumnus in the City Health Department is **William R. Collis**, who fares forth in the office of the Bureau of Vital Statistics.

Eugene O'Shaughnessy, **Henry Rieckelman**, **Al Rielag**, **Eugene Sullivan** and **Calmer Uihlein** are presented as five good reasons why the college team had a difficult task defeating the Alumni.

1913.—**L. Elmer Conway** was admitted to the bar last June, and is now upholding the honor of the firm of Cogan, Williams and Ragland, in our courts.

Anthony C. Elsaesser showed such genius as a restaurant proprietor, that he has branched out for himself. He has our best wishes for success.

1914.—Undaunted by danger or death, **Arthur J. Conway** has decided to take up the auto racing game. Now watch Resta sail for Europe!


The Season's Record:

Xavier 19,	Ohio Military Institute	0
Xavier 7,	Cincinnati University Freshmen..	0
Xavier 20,	Wilmington College	12
Xavier 14,	Kentucky Military Institute.....	9
Xavier 9,	Wilmington College	6
Xavier 3,	Alumni	0

The College Squad.



Gallagher (Mgr.)	Goodenough	Brady	Gausepohl	Mitchell	Luttmer	Monahan	Byrne	Frey	Kattus	Breiding
	Rieckelman	Lange	Conway	Twomey	King	Brockman	Weimer	M'Carthy	Butler	Oenbrink
				Collins	Steinkamp	Bowman		Gellenbeck		Farrell



ATHLETICS

FOOTBALL.

Xavier vs. Wilmington. On Thursday, November 16, the football team journeyed to Wilmington and lined up against the college team representing that thriving little town. The following account is taken from the Cincinnati Commercial Tribune:

SAINT WARRIORS WIN

Scrappy and Snappy Contest From Wilmington.

Score 9 to 6.

They came, they fought, they conquered. That contains briefly what happened at Wilmington, O., yesterday afternoon, when the St. Xavier College gridiron gladiators engaged in conflict with the Quaker Town Collegians.

They conquered—that is, Xavier conquered. The affair was nip and tuck from the first instant of play until the timekeeper's whistle brought the conflict to a close.

In the first half both elevens resorted to straight football, but thereafter, being considerably outweighed, the local lads changed their tactics, and with good results.

All of Xavier's points were due to brilliant and effective open work. The game throughout was characterized by snappy, fast work on both sides. The Xavier boys made good use of the forward pass. Eleven passes were attempted and no less than eight of them were successful.

The Wilmington folks put up a plucky brand of football, their gains for the most part being negotiated on line plunges; but they were out-classed when it came to open work. Forward passes and a scintillating drop kick from the thirty-five yard line off the toe of Joe Kattus defeated the up-Staters and brought home the bacon for the Blue and White.

In the first quarter straight football resulted in no score. In the second period, Shaw of the Quakers, who was very much in evidence throughout the contest, tore off an end run for thirty-five yards, and then lunged over the goal mark for a touchdown. Carr failed to kick goal. From then on the game was Xavier's. With the ball on Wilmington's forty-yard line, Johnnie Frey, the Saints' peppery snapper back, broke through for a fifty-yard dash. Rieckelman then received a forward from Brockmann and by means of some hefty straight-arming, ran the intervening distance for a marker.

Xavier fell down on the kick and the count was knotted. The battle went on furiously and in the fourth quarter Joe Kattus furnished a nifty thriller that turned the tide of battle. It was the fourth down with Xavier thirty-five yards from goal. The Xavier line shifted, the ball was passed back and the clever linesman dropped a beautiful boot through the posts.

Johnnie Frey, Brady, Mitchell, Rieckelman, Luttmner and Monahan had the Wilmington rooters on edge continuously. Rieckelman caught four forwards. Brady and Mitchell played wonderfully, especially on the defense. Monahan continued his brilliant work. His tackling, interference and ground gaining were marvelous to behold. For Wilmington, Larkin, Carr, Smith and Shaw were whales.

St. Xavier's record is still clean for the season. The line-up and summary:

St. Xavier.	Positions.	Wilmington.
Conway.....	L. E.	Boring
Kattus	L. T.	Smith
King	L. G.	Carter
Mitchell	C.	Peelle
Gausepohl.....	R. G.	Mounts
Kiely	R. T.	Carr
Rieckelman.....	R. E.	Larkin
Frey	Q. B.	Shaw
Monahan	L. H.	Cartwright
Luttmner	R. H.	Kerr
Brady	F. B.	McMillan

Score by periods:	1	2	3	4
St. Xavier	0	0	6	3 — 9
Wilmington	0	6	0	0 — 6

Referee—Peale. Umpire—Murphy. Head Linesman—O'Connell. Time of Quarters—Twelve and one-half minutes. Touchdowns—Shaw, Rieckelman. Goal from Field—Kattus. Substitutions—St. Xavier: Gelenbeck for Kiely, Brockman for Brady; Wilmington: Starbuck for Kerr, Woods for Starbuck.

Xavier vs. Alumni. A large crowd of students and alumni turned out to see the final game of the season with the alumni. The Enquirer gave the following account of the game:

ST. XAVIER TEAM

Shut Out Alumni in the Final Contest of the Season.

The Alumni of St. Xavier presented a very formidable line-up in the game yesterday afternoon at Avondale with the college boys. But their efforts just fell short, for the fast-working Blue and White combination, though outweighed, was not to be denied. The heavy condition of the field was a handicap to the athletes, and the college boys had some difficulty in completing the forward pass. At that, they completed several plays by the air route. Alumni also had trouble with the aerial pass. Johnnie Frey fell twice, and each time he had nothing at all between him and the alumni goal. Monahan and Luttmner also were impeded by the muddy field, but in spite of that made consistent gains. Kattus also performed well for the Xavierites. A piece of the work by that gentleman turned the tide of victory and gave the collegians a clean record of the year's work. Mitchell and H. Rieckelman also starred, especially on the defensive. For the alumni Jack Walsh, Gene O'Shaughnessy, "Doc" Rielag, "Dago" Schmidt and Matt Roll performed brilliantly. Their work was flashy, and they drew as much applause from the large assembly as they did in their college days.

There was no score in the first quarter. In this period it was that Johnnie Frey skidded twice in the rough going, to the detriment of the younger lads. A forward, Clark to Roll, was good for a twenty-yard gain for the Alumni. In the second quarter Frey shot two successful passes, one to Conway for twenty yards, the other to Monahan for twenty more. With the ball on the fifteen-yard line Joe Kattus hopped back and sent a drop, riding with speed and precision, right through the posts. That was the only score. In the third period nothing was added to the count. In the final session the Alumni braced and really threatened the Xavier goal. But the Blue and White was equal to the emergency and stayed the onslaught of their heavy opponents. Roll and Rielag were especially good in this quarter. The score ended at 3 to 0.

St. Xavier.	Positions.	Alumni.
Conway.....	L. E.	Uihlein
Twomey.....	L. T.	Walsh
Oenbrink.....	L. G.	Sullivan
Mitchell.....	C.	O'Shaughnessy
Butler.....	R. G.	Rieckelman
Lang.....	R. T.	Thompson
H. Rieckelman.....	R. E.	Hogan
Frey.....	Q. B.	Roll
Luttmer.....	R. H.	J. Moormann
Monahan.....	L. H.	Clark
Kattus.....	F. B.	A. Moormann
Score by periods:		1 2 3 4
St. Xavier	0	3 0 0 — 3
Alumni	0	0 0 0 — 0

Goal from Field—Kattus. Referee—Welch. Umpire—Roger Johnson. Head Linesman—Breiding. Substitutions—Xavier: Gellenbeck for Butler, Farrel for Twomey; Alumni: Schmidt for Uihlein, Rielag for Rieckelman.

BASKETBALL.

The college team has lost four of its last year's squad by graduation, Joe Cloud, Art Frey, Rob Kelly and Joe Sebastiani. With Conway, Kattus, Klein, John Frey and a number of new candidates to pick from, however, the team is out to eclipse last year's record and if possible duplicate the success of the football team. Al Conway has been elected captain.

The old handicap from lack of gym facilities still prevails, but De Sales and St. George have kindly offered the use of their gyms for afternoon practice, and St. John's have generously made it possible for us to play our home games on their floor.

The following schedule has been arranged by Manager Hogan:

December 14, St. John; December 22, Holy Cross; December 28, Antioch College; January 6, Austins; January 18, Moore's Hill College; January 25, Cincinnati Dental College; January 26, Moore's Hill (at Moore's Hill); February 5, Georgetown College; February 17, Wilington College. Other games pending.

THE HIGH SCHOOL TEAM.

To the call for candidates for the regular High School team and for the Cubs, about thirty volunteers responded. From these Feirock,

Monahan, Fech, Grause, Homan, Hulscher, Danahy, Bunker, Maggini, Schmitz, Bradley, Groh, Schmidt, Spaeth, Wade and Hart were chosen as members of the two squads. Feirock and Monahan are the only two members left from last year's team. Fech, Grause and Homan are students of the Avondale Academy and are expected to be heard from. Feirock was elected captain of the High School team.

Xavier High vs. Ohio Mechanics. For the first game of the season, December 1, the team met and defeated Ohio Mechanics Institute, to the tune of 26 to 17. Though our boys had had very little preliminary practice, their fast playing and snappy playing hardly showed this.

The Cubs. In the preliminary game the Xavier Cubs defeated the O. M. I. second team 9 to 5.

Xavier High vs. Franklin. On Friday afternoon, December 8, the team swamped Franklin School in a one-sided game, as is seen in the 44 to 5 score in our favor. The accurate throwing and all around playing of Fech was the feature of the game. From the indications shown in these two games, hopes for an extraordinarily successful season do not seem to be unfounded.

The Schedule. Games have been arranged with Woodward, Aurora (two games), St. Mary's (Hyde Park), University School (two games), Newport, Ohio Military, and Milford.



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